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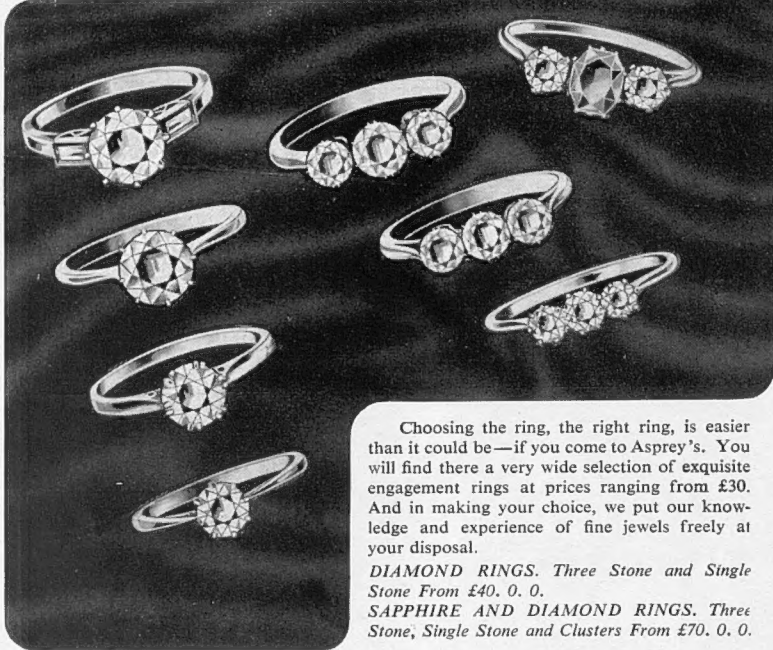
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CLEAR SKIES GREETED QUEEN AT GOODWOOD

THE sun spread a golden carpet over the Sussex Downs for the Queen's arrival on the first day of the Goodwood meeting, though subsequently a heavy gale arose. Here Her Majesty is walking with the Duchess of Norfolk, her hostess at Arundel Castle, while the Duke follows with Capt. Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager. Jennifer describes the meeting and there are further pictures of it on pages 225-7

SPEECH DAY AT OLDEST SCHOOL

STANDING in the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral, The King's School, believed to be the oldest public school of all, used the most up-to-date of methods at its Speech Day, when proceedings were relayed to an overflow audience in the Cloisters. Parents enjoyed a delightful day with their sons in spite of patchy weather, and were entertained to tea in the grounds



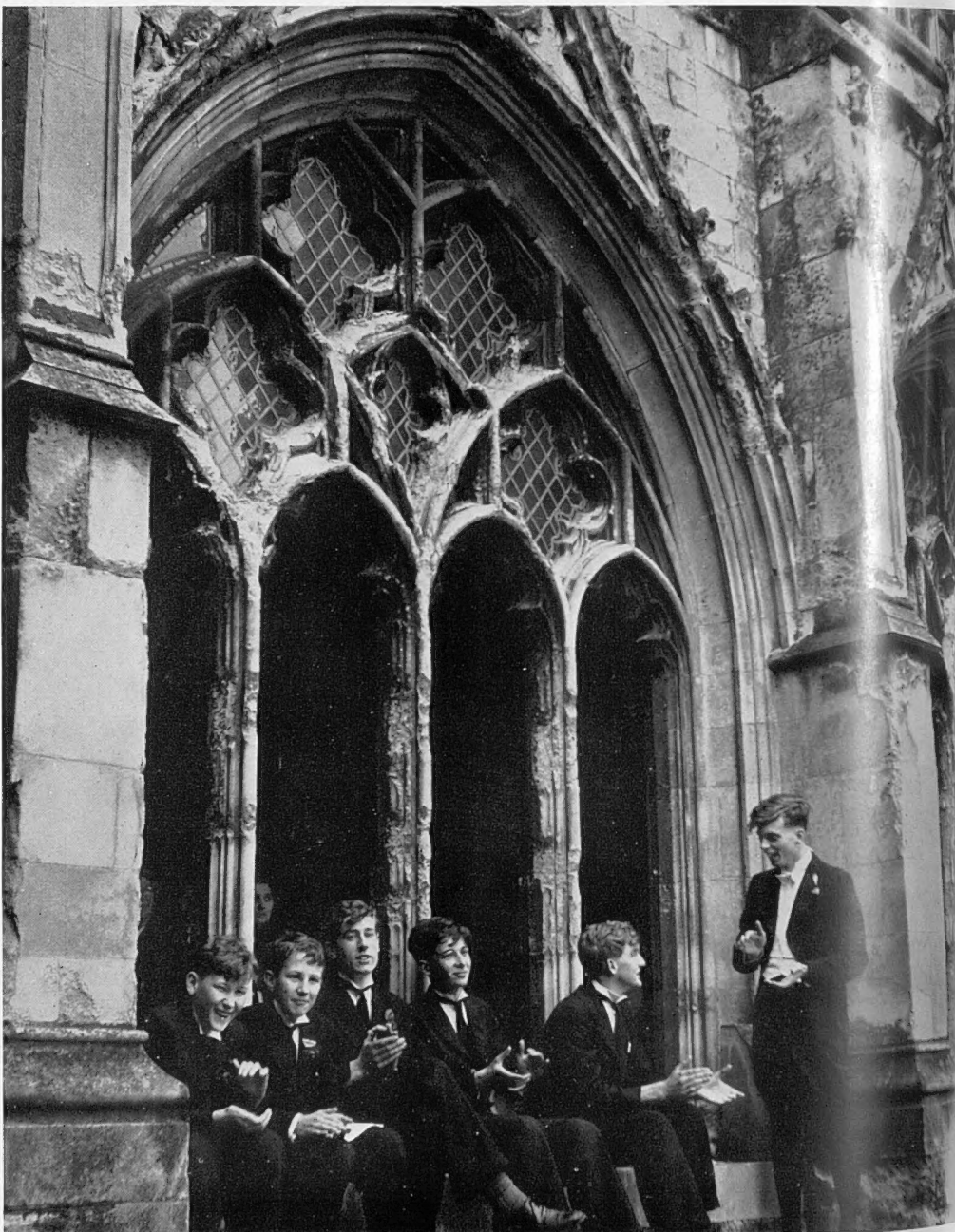
Following tradition, Roger Symon, School Captain, throws a rose on the War Memorial after the speeches. Watching him are monitors David Moor, Derek Kirsch, John Bodger, Michael Slee, Peter Allen and Jeremy Rowe



The Headmaster, Canon F. J. Shirley, D.D., chatting with the Mayor and Mayoress of Northampton, Ald. and Mrs. J. V. Collier, whose son is a pupil



Mrs. Seabrook, William Seabrook and Mr. Keith Seabrook were waiting to go in to the tea marquee



Applauding a speech, relayed from the Chapter House, were R. H. Pawsey, A. Turner, M. B. Cullen, M. G. Hudson, W. M. Highwood and R. W. Sparrow, a house monitor of the Upper VI. The School was re-founded by Henry VIII



Taking a walk were Christian Adams, Mrs. W. Adams, Roger Adams, a senior scholar, and Mrs. and Mr. Philip Adams



With well-founded pride, Victor G. Ibbetson was pointing out to his mother, Mrs. L. Ibbetson, one of the school's many remarkable features



Lord Harris, a Governor, was studying with Lady Harris the brochure, and intended site, of the new Assembly Hall it is proposed to build



Upper V monitor W. E. S. Thomas, and Mr. R. W. Purnell, the English master, with Mr. and Mrs. E. O'D. Thomas



Mrs. A. R. Turner, Mrs. D. M. Leach and J. A. Turner were listening with others to the speeches



While on a tour of the buildings, John Clegg, Miss Judy Clegg and Mrs. B. M. Clegg were smiling at an incident taking place across the way. The steps on which they are standing are among the oldest parts of the school

Desmond O'Neill

LORD DORMER'S NIECE WEDDED

A WEDDING to brighten the last days of the season, was that of Miss Anne Egerton - Warburton and Mr. James Irvine, at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. The bride is the niece of Lord Dormer. After the wedding the Holy Communion service was taken by the bridegroom's elder brother, the Rev. Gerard Irvine



The young couple arriving for the reception at 6 Stanhope Gate. The bride is the daughter of Col. Geoffrey and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton-Warburton of Grafton Hall, Malpas, Cheshire, and the bridegroom's parents are Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. E. Irvine of Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.



Mr. Timothy Irvine, the groom's younger brother, Mrs. A. E. Irvine and Col. Egerton-Warburton chatting before the reception



Mr. Peter Egerton-Warburton, the bride's brother, the Hon. Joseph Dormer, Miss Belinda Young and Mr. Andrew Harding



The Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Lord Dormer, Mr. Robert O'Brien and Miss Shelagh O'Brien



The best man, Mr. E. Fairbanks-Smith, with bridesmaids Miss Jane Egerton-Warburton and Miss Rosalinde Berkeley



PICNICKING AT GOODWOOD were Miss P. Gouldsmith, Miss C. Pease, the Hon. S. Long, Miss S. Stirling and Miss J. Smith-Bingham. Behind were Mr. M. Gosling, the Hon. G. Bathurst, Capt. R. Sutton, Mr. C. Morrison and Earl Bathurst

was staying nearby at Singleton with Major and Mrs. Rex Benson for the meeting. Their other house guests included the Earl and Countess of Sefton and Mr. Harry Brown. Also entertaining friends in their chalets were Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, Major and Mrs. Graeme-Whitelaw, Sir Adrian Jarvis and Col. and Mrs. Bernard Hornung.

WATCHING the racing from their private boxes I saw Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Agar who with her son Mr. Billy Wallace had a party at Lavington Park, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray who had a big party at Cowdray Park, Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel just back from Bermuda, who had a family party with them. Viscount and Viscountess Knollys came with their hostess Mrs. Davidson. Lady Knollys happily backed Ashurst Wonder, the 50-1 winner of the Stewards Cup, because, she told me, Ashurst is the name of their neighbouring village.

Mrs. Violet Kingscote was staying with Lord and Lady Chesham who motored over each day, while Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, whose daughter Tessa is a débutante next year, came over from Plumpton with Lord and Lady Manton. Miss Carol Pease, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Earl Bathurst and his brother the Hon. George Bathurst, all came together in a party. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, who had a runner on the third day, had a house party at West Grinstead, as did Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd at Stillington and the Countess of Perth who came over from her home near Petersfield with her daughter Lady Gillian Anderson.

I SAW Sir Percy Loraine, delighted after the success of his good My Babu colt Baba Ali in the Craven Stakes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Duncanson, Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Major and Mrs. John Christian, Lord and Lady Buckhurst, Lord and Lady Hothfield who had several runners at the meeting, Lord Astor, Mr. Tom Blackwell, who was staying with Major and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Montagu, who is one of the finest judges of a horse, Mrs. Tom Barty-King and Mrs. Bea Holcroft who is taking her son and daughter up to Perthshire in the middle of August for grouse shooting.

On the eve of the meeting Mrs. Richard Buckley gave a coming-out dance for her daughter Miss Pamela Kaye at her home at Horsham, and the following evening Mrs. Alexandra Scratchley gave a coming-out dance for her niece, Miss Jane Baker, at her home Binderton House near Chichester. The night after that, Mrs. James Weld and Mrs. J. G. Morrough-Bernard gave a coming-out dance for their daughters, Miss Jennifer Weld and Miss Penelope Morrough-Bernard, at Fair Oak Lodge in Hampshire, to which many of the younger racegoers went, and

[Continued overleaf]

Social Journal

Jennifer

House Parties Celebrated Her Majesty's Victory

GLORIOUS Goodwood—which signals the end of the season—opened this year with a galloping gale which blew for two days. Hats flew off, papers blew into the air and even the horses were buffeted by the wind as they came up to the winning post. It proved to be a gay and happy week. On the first two days the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh motored over from Arundel Castle where they were staying with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. They lunched on the opening day with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon in their private luncheon room and watched the racing from their box. In spite of the weather the Queen, wearing a long pale blue coat and neat, tight-fitting hat, walked out to the paddock before the first event to see her horse Opera Score, which alas! ran unplaced. The second day after lunching in the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's private chalet, the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh were delighted to see her Landau win the Sussex Stakes. Abergeldie, on the Thursday, was another runner for the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh could only attend the

first two days of the meeting, as he had to fly to Canada for his informal tour and to be present at the Empire Games at Vancouver. Among those staying in the house party at Arundel Castle for the meeting were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Earl of Rosebery, his daughter Lady Helen Smith, Lord and Lady Irwin and Lady Rachel Davidson. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon had their two sons, the Earl of March with his pretty wife and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, staying with them at Goodwood House, where the house party, with the exception of the Duchess's sister Miss Mollie Hudson, consisted of young friends of their sons. As always there was much entertaining in the district, with numerous house parties and five dances, while many hosts and hostesses dispensed hospitality in their luncheon rooms or chalets on the racecourse. Then of course there were the polo matches at Cowdray each evening after racing. Welcoming guests to lunch or tea or a most refreshing drink each day in her big private luncheon room was the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord, one of the most generous hostesses, who



Also enjoying an afternoon at the races were Mr. Trevor Dawson, Lady Deidre Hare and Miss Patricia Cottingham [More pictures overleaf]



Studying their cards with great interest before one of the races were the Hon. Elizabeth Guinness, the Hon. Henrietta Guinness, with their mother, Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Candle-lit Tables At A Sussex Ball

on the same evening the Duchess of Norfolk gave her annual ball at Arundel Castle in aid of the Sussex branch of the Red Cross and other Sussex charities, which was attended by the Queen and all members of the Arundel house party. On the Thursday night there was the impromptu dance for about eighty guests arranged in less than twenty-four hours by three joint-hosts, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Wilton and Mr. Billy Wallace. Cdr. and Mrs. Redmond McGrath kindly said "yes" to lending their home, Halnaker House, and everyone present will agree it was a wonderful party.

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BINDERTON HOUSE, which was formerly Mr. Anthony Eden's country home, made a lovely setting for Miss Jane Baker's dance. The heroine of the evening looked enchanting, wearing a beautiful dress of love-in-the-mist organza embroidered in white, as she stood receiving the guests with Mrs. Scratchley who looked charming in a white dress with touches of blue. Jane's twin brother Mr. Richard Baker was at this very good dance, radiating fun and enjoyment equally with his sister. Her uncle, Viscount Bridport, had come back from his lovely home in Sicily for his niece's coming-out dance. He told

me that his wife and six-year-old son Alexander were both well. The Bridports now spend some of the year in Rome, where they have a beautiful flat, as it is easier for their son's education.

DANCING took place in a large yellow and white lined marquee built on to the drawing-room, where mixed red flowers had been effectively arranged in wall brackets. Small tables and chairs were in a farther marquee where friends gathered to sit between dances, and there was another buffet in one of the smaller reception rooms where a glorious wood fire was burning merrily, as it was rather a chilly evening.

Supper was served by candlelight in one of the reception rooms and in the square entrance hall, where there were vases of yellow arum lilies and red roses which came in for much admiration, as did the other lovely flowers, including numerous sweet-scented lilies arranged all over the house. When I arrived the Earl of Wilton was talking to the Earl and Countess of Derby, the latter in a heavily beaded short evening dress, the Marquess of Blandford was escorting his wife, who looked outstandingly beautiful in a blue and red ballet length dress, and the Earl and Countess of Normanton were sitting at a table with Col. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini. Lady Normanton's



Col. G. E. Hollist, Lady Whistler, Miss Jennifer Whistler, Miss Sheila Blair and Capt. N. B. Knocker were outside the Royal Sussex Regiment Club

THE SEASON'S CLOSE, perennially marked by the Goodwood meeting, was held in blustering weather but the spirit of the racegoers remained unruffled. The Royal victory with Landau in the Sussex Stakes was the most popular win of the day

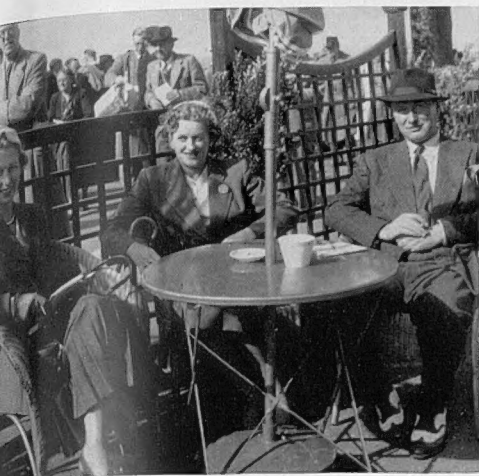
brother, Lord Roderic Pratt, I saw at the dance with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham who had brought Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin over from Petworth in the party.

Nearby I met Col. James and Lady Jane Nelson who are off to Washington where he is to take a two-year appointment in the autumn. They were sitting at a table with Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, the latter looking lovely in black, and the Hon. John Lambton. Mrs. Gilbert Miller, very chic in a white lace dress, and Mr. Gilbert Miller motored over from their Sussex home, and the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel came with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling.

Mrs. Beatrice Eden and her son Nicholas were enjoying an evening back in their old home and I saw Lady Broughton and her son Sir Evelyn Broughton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Rylance, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, the former dancing in a spirited eightsome during the evening, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Lady Sudeley, and Mr. Nesbitt Waddington over from Ireland talking to Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and his pretty wife who wore an orchid pink printed organza dress.

Among the younger dancers were Miss Caroline Levy, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Miss Rosalind Newman, Miss Virginia Estcourt dancing with Mr. Tom Craig, Miss Sally Clive very pretty in light brown, Mr. Malcolm Burr and Miss Claire Baring, a lovely debutante of this season, who was dancing with the Hon. Peter Ward. This young couple were joining a party of friends on a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean a few days later.

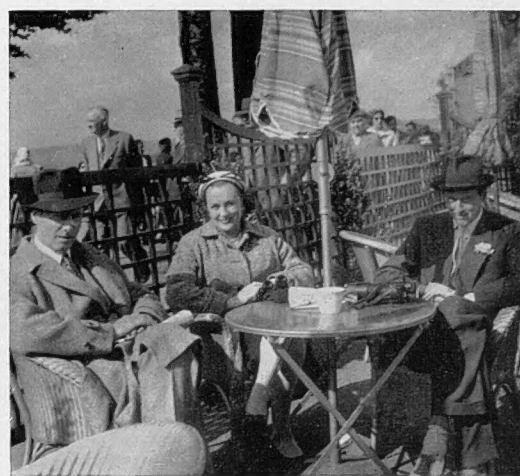
IN spite of the very bad weather many racegoers went on to watch the polo at Cowdray Park each evening. Lord Cowdray, who has done so much for polo, has got everything perfectly organized at Cowdray, not only for players but also for spectators, of whom there are many thousand each weekend during the summer. Among those playing in the matches during Goodwood week were the Duke of Edinburgh (up to the time he flew to Canada), Lt.-Col. Peter Dollar, Capt. Gerald Balding, Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness, the Marquess of Douro, the Marquess of Blandford, Baron E. de Rothschild, Lt.-Cdr. John Oram and Brig. Sir Andrew Horsburgh Porter. The evening I motored over to Cowdray after racing I watched a good match between Cowdray Park, with a handicap of seventeen, and the Greyhounds, whose handicap was thirteen. The game was fast and really enjoyable to watch and finally Cowdray won by nine goals to the Greyhounds' six-and-a-half. Lt. Peter Dollar, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, his young son Kamwar Bigar Singh, and Maj.-Gen.



Sitting at a table between races were Mrs. J. J. Hunter-Paterson, Mrs. J. H. Moller and Mr. Hunter-Paterson



Enjoying a drink together were Mr. Rollo Hoare, Mr. Peter Adams, Mrs. Rollo Hoare and Mr. D. Hill-Wood



Other spectators at the meeting were the Hon. William Douglas-Home, Lady Petre and the Duke of Devonshire

David Dawnay were in the winning team, while Mr. John Lucas, Mr. Charles Smith Ryland, Col. Gerald Critchley and Mr. Billy Walsh were playing for the Greyhounds. Among those watching this game from the Members' were Sir Harold and Lady Wernher—he used to get together a very fine polo team in prewar days—who were talking to Brig. Sir Andrew Horsburgh Porter, who earlier had been playing in the Friar Park team which defeated Cotswold Park. Nearby Sir Rhys Llewellyn was conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, who brought three of their young family to watch the game.

Also amongst the spectators were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, who by now will be in Pauville where he is playing polo, Mrs. Hugh Brady, whose husband was umpiring the Cowdray-Greysounds match, Mrs. Peter Dollar, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne—he had also been playing in an earlier match—Viscountess Cowdray and Lord Cowdray's sister, the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and her husband, who was unable to play polo during Goodwood week owing to an injury, and the Hon. Mrs. Gibb.

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On the other end-of-the-season dances in the country were, first, the one which Gen. and Mrs. R. B. B. Cooke gave for their only daughter Alicia, who was a débutante last season but did not have her dance then owing to her mother's illness. This took place at the Cooke's home, Poland House, Odiham, in Hampshire, and was attended by about 300 guests including many young girls who made their début with Alicia last year. Many friends in the neighbourhood had house parties for the dance or gave dinner parties. These included the Countess of

Malmesbury, Lady Ann Rhys, Mrs. Bobby Petre, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Mrs. Bea Holcroft, Lady Tichborne, Lady Grantham, Lady Mount, Lady Bertie Fisher and Lady (Roger) Makins.

A few days later Lady Jessel gave a coming-out dance for her débutante daughter the Hon. Crystal Russell at Ladham House, Goudhurst, in Kent. The house was most beautifully decorated with magnificent flowers which had all come out of Sir George and Lady Jessel's garden and been arranged by Lady Jessel with the help of a friend and neighbour Mrs. Hindley-Smith, who also has a débutante daughter Sarah Meg who was at the dance. Dancing not only took place in the drawing-room, but also in the garden, where a gipsy band played beside the goldfish pool.

SIR GEORGE and Lady Jessel had a house party of sixteen staying, and a dinner party of twenty-four which included Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Swetenham, the Hon. Sarah and the Hon. Anne Montagu, Miss Gillian Buckley, the Earl of Guilford, Miss Susan Egerton, the Earl of Brecknock and Miss Susan Young.

Sir George Jessel's son, Mr. Charles Jessel, brought a party over from Hastings Leigh. They included Sir John and the Hon. Lady Chichester, Miss Elizabeth Wyndham and Mr. and Mrs. John Miller. The Hon. Crystal Russell looked charming in a full-skirted white tulle dress with a blue velvet sash, receiving the guests with Lady Jessel who wore a dress of grey and lilac silk organza. Among those enjoying this very good dance were Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid who brought a party, the Hon. Mary Rodd, Miss Thomasina Jeal, the Hon. Mary Stopford, Mr. Angus Vivian Smith, the Hon. Susan James and Mr. Peter Drummond.

MISS VICTORIA SEELY, daughter of Major Victor Seely and the late Hon. Mrs. Seely, wore a white lace and tulle dress, with her tulle veil held in place by a bow-shaped head-dress of lace and satin, for her marriage, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Mr. Michael Bray, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bray of Woodham Grange, Woking. She was attended by six pages, Nicholas Bray and Andrew Cartwright nephews of the bridegroom, Wentworth and Mark Beaumont cousins of the bride, Adam Barford and Ronald Collins, who all wore black and white striped sailor suits, red ties and red cummerbunds. There was one bridesmaid, her half-sister Miss Alexandra Seely, who wore a full-skirted dress of white Swiss embroidery. Among the ushers in the church were Col. Collins, Mr. Robin Bridgeman, Mr. Gerald Bridgeman, Mr. John Miles Huntingdon-Whiteley, the bridegroom's brother Mr. Christopher Bray, his cousins Mr. Benedict and Mr. Nicholas Bray and Mr. "Tubbs" Douetil. Lt.-Col. Richard Bray was best man to his brother.

The bride's father and stepmother held a reception after the ceremony at 23 Knightsbridge, and here I met the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, Lady Weeks with her son Capt. Ewan Cummings and her daughters Miss Pamela Weeks and Mrs. Peter Troubridge with her husband Lt. Peter Troubridge, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy receiving congratulations on the birth of her first grandchild, a daughter born to Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd, formerly Miss Manaugh Hennessy.

Viscount and Viscountess Allendale and Lord Sherwood came to their niece's wedding, the latter proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom. Also present were the bride's grand-

[Continued overleaf]



Baroness Pirquet, Mrs. L. A. Villiers, Mr. J. L. Addleshawe, Mrs. J. W. N. Barclay and Mr. M. F. L. Falkner enjoyed this successful ball



Also present on this occasion were Mr. J. M. Gillow, Mr. P. J. Brocklehurst, Mrs. C. B. Kenyon, Mrs. Brocklehurst, Mrs. Gillow and Mr. C. B. Kenyon

Ball Held By Mid-Cheshire Polo Club At Radbrook Hall

Social Journal (Contd.)

Welcome Home From Kenya

mother the Dowager Lady Rochdale, Mrs. Richard Collins, the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, whose sons were pages, and the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Beaumont. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford were there to see their son Adam among the bride's retinue, and other guests included the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, the Hon. Sally Noel-Buxton, and Major and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick with Sir Nicholas Nuttall.

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BEFORE the season ended Lord and Lady Mancroft gave several fork dinner parties at their charming house in Montagu Square, which has been Lord Mancroft's family home for many years. The first one was to celebrate the homecoming of the host's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Garthwaite, who have for some years been making their home in Kenya. Among the guests to meet them were Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice and Baron and Baronne Eugene de Rothschild who had the Everard Gates's flat in Grosvenor Square for several weeks. Others there were Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Viscount Furness, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Lazlo and several more friends.

At the second of these parties, when about thirty guests enjoyed a delicious dinner, there were the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady Chesham whose eldest daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish will be amongst next year's debutantes, Lord Fairfax who came alone as his wife was not very well, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Icaza and the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, who sat talking to Mr. Edward Ford who was another guest.

Mr. Gavin Anderson and his wife, who is a great yachting enthusiast and keeps a boat at Itchenor, were conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward who I hear have a charming house near Newbury. Mr. Denis Greenhill, one of the most promising younger men at the Foreign Office, was there with his wife, also Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist and Mrs. Roy Smith who lives at Well Hall in the Bedale country and hunts with that pack and the Zetland in the winter.

Many guests strolled out after dinner to see Lord and Lady Mancroft's enchanting small prize-winning garden, which had sweet-smelling stocks, fuchsias and canterbury bells growing in the beds, and a vine and climbing roses including a Paul Sc riet in full bloom growing up the two walls. Another diversion after dinner was when the youngest member of the family, eight-week-old Jessica Mancroft, came down for a short while to meet the guests.

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HR.H. the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra have both graciously consented to attend the "500" Ball at Claridge's on November 26. This annual event in the little season is always a very well run and enjoyable affair. It is organized to raise funds for the British Rheumatic Association. Tickets from Mrs. Neville-Rolfe, 11 Beaumont Street, W.1.

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POLO is the theme this year for the cabaret at the Lord's Taverners' Ball at Grosvenor House on October 18. This annual event in aid of the National Playing Fields Association is always tremendous fun, and this year promises to be better than ever. Besides the Polo event, there will be an all-star cabaret. Viscountess Tarbat is chairman of the ball, and tickets are obtainable from her at 20a-140 Park Lane, W.1.

In our issue of July 28 the caption under a photograph of Princess Marie Louise at the Rose Ball implied that the lady in the foreground was Mrs. Reynolds Veitch. She was in fact Lady Bird, the joint chairman of the committee. We tender our apologies for this misdirection.



Specially decorated with lights for the Medway Y.C. Ball, the T.S. Arethusa made a noble picture as she lay silhouetted against the darkening sky



Mr. G. Trobridge, Miss S. Foott, Mr. G. Greathem, Miss E. Batchelor and Mr. F. Hudson were discussing a recent voyage from S. Africa

DANCE ABOARD A WINDJAMMER

TS. ARETHUSA, one of the last windjammers still afloat, was the scene of the summer ball of the Medway Yacht Club recently. Awnings covered the after-deck which was used as a dance-floor and a band of Royal Marines played for the dancers. Arethusa is moored below Rochester and is used for training boys for life at sea. Three hundred guests attended



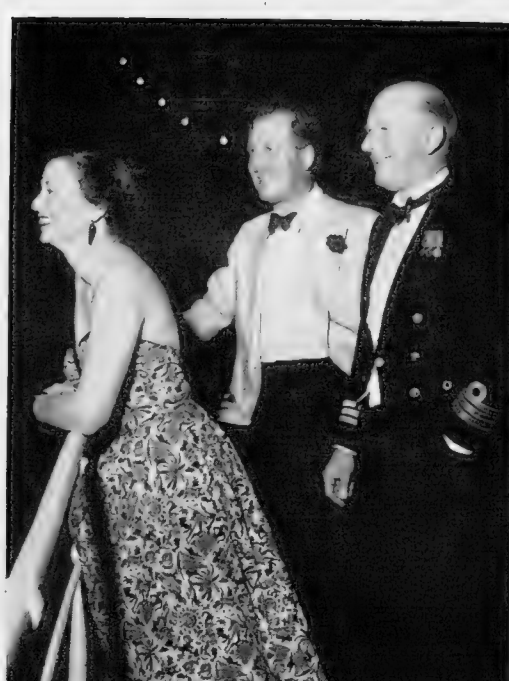
On the upper deck, leading boy of the T.S. Arethusa, J. Fisher, was telling Miss Sheila Elvy and Mr. Peter McCann about the history of the windjammer



Exploring the ship during the evening were Mr. Peter Batchelor, one of the organizers of the ball, and Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Hay



Mrs. G. Clarabut, Mr. D. S. Clarabut, one of the organizers of the ball, Mrs. M. S. Wilder, Mrs. D. S. Clarabut and Cdr. G. S. Clarabut



Looking across the Medway towards Rochester were Mrs. and Dr. A. Rodgers and Cdr. M. H. Le Mare, captain of the T.S. Arethusa



Ordinary Petty Officer White was showing Mr. Guy Ambler and Miss Esme Hall the old ship's bell of the Arethusa—formerly the Peking



Leaving the dance floor for a breath of night air on deck were Miss Carol Coleman and Mr. Peter Weston



The principal officers of the Medway Y.C. and their wives: Mr. H. Dyer, rear-commodore, Mrs. Field, Mr. M. Hamilton, commodore, Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. J. Field, vice-commodore, and Mrs. Dyer

ARAB HORSES AND HOUNDS ON SHOW

MEMBERS of the Anglo-Arab Association and their friends attended a most successful garden party at the Roehampton Club recently. There was in addition the Saluki Hound Show, which proved of particular interest, and the Arab Horse Show, a two-day event



A difficult decision lay in store for Dr. H. Hautappel and Mr. R. Summerhayes, who were judging three-year-old Arabian fillies



Col. Alan Upton, one of the stewards, was admiring two magnificent hounds which had been entered; Burydown Barak with Miss G. Ballantyne and Mazuri Faraq of Shammar with Mrs. H. M. Parkhurst



Champion Sakkara Sandebar, held by his owner Mrs. D. J. Peck, was coming before the expert eye of Major M. C. Rousseau



Major and Mrs. A. T. Chamberlayne with their Saluki Sultan of Abdullah, watching other competitors in the dog ring



Mrs. Peter Lindsay was chatting to Miss Waverney Hue-Williams, who was riding Miss P. M. Lindsay's Rushti



Two of the youngest competitors, who both entered for class 12, were Miss Pauline Ramsay, who rode her own horse Ruach, and Miss Molly Jones, on Miss M. Russell's horse Rubeki

Van Hallen



In the paddock, Lord Wakehurst, Governor of N. Ireland, chatted to Lt.-Col. E. Shirley, who has considerable racing interests in Co. Monaghan, and Mrs. Shirley

THE ULSTER DERBY, held at Down Royal, was the focal point for Northern Ireland's keenest racegoers. Spectators saw Sir Winston Churchill's colt Red Winter, the second favourite, win comfortably from Lieut.-Col. G. Loder's Blood Royal



Mrs. Oscar Henderson watched from the enclosure with Lady Eleanor Needham, elder daughter of the Earl of Kilmorey



Mr. Eric King and Mrs. J. Stuart met for friendly discussion in the members' enclosure between races



Cdre. K. C. Kirkpatrick, joint-Master of the East Down Foxhounds, with Lady Clanwilliam and Lt.-Col. D. C. Forde



Lt.-Col. Jerry and Mrs. Cotton, who are followers of the Co. Down Staghounds, were talking over the last race with Mrs. Tom Houghton (left)

AT THE RACES

A Complex Theory

• Sabretache •

WITH the season of the big handicaps now creeping upon us, perhaps a system first promulgated by an old and very gallant friend of mine, Major Jack Robson-Scot, 3rd Hussars—now to the loss of so many of us in the Happy Hunting Grounds—may interest even such a specialist as Mr. G. H. Freer. Robson-Scot, besides being a first-class soldier jockey, was very knowledgeable about racing generally, and was for some time with the late Peter Purcell Gilpin, who surely had forgotten more than most of us ever knew about racing and racehorses.

Jack Robson-Scot's theory was this: that supposing you could find two horses that would run a dead-heat at even weights at various distances, if you penalized one of them 1 lb. at $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles he would lose by two lengths; if at 2 miles by one and a quarter lengths; if at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles by one length at $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles by half a length; and at 1 mile by a head. How this theory was ever to be put into practice I do not know, but it is a somewhat fascinating proposition. The object of every handicapper is naturally to achieve a dead heat between the whole fleet of them, or at any rate between the top and bottom weights. Some of our experts have gone very close to achieving this, or a dead heat between three. We have only to look at some photo finishes to realize how true this is.

My friend The Official Handicapper to The South African Turf Club, Col. Sheppard, has nearly brought off a triple dead heat many a time, so has Mr. Freer! Jack Robson-Scot's theory may amuse both these conjurers, and I hope it will. Robson-Scot rode a lot of winners in his time, but I think the victory of which he was most proud was that on his own horse Wellington at Punchestown in the Irish Military Hunters Plate, in which most of the crack G. R.s of that time were having a dart, Hughes Onslow, whose pet name was "Junks," among them. Incidentally Jack Robson-Scot was the only chap I ever heard refer to Lord Kitchener's jaunt up the Nile to Omdurman, as a "picnic." He was then attached to the 19th Hussars, but, unlike most attachés, failed to get killed. There seemed to be a sort of evil genius haunting anyone attached to a regiment not his own which attracted the quite unfriendly bullet.

EVERYONE will be pleased at Gordon Richards's quite rapid recovery, far more speedy than would have been the case if he had broken his pelvis, or even that part of it called the sacrum. This I know from personal experience. The announcement told us that he had dislocated "the pelvis bone" and no one whom I asked about it seemed to know what that was. It is much more likely that he dislocated a hip; bad enough in all conscience, and the sort of thing which, I believe takes more than two men and a boy to put back. However, they got it back whatever it was, and hence this surprisingly rapid recovery.

But surely if anyone can afford to rest on his laurels it is he. Twenty-six times champion, breaking all possible records and no one is ever likely to come anywhere near it. The reason for it is this, that he has such a strong will to win, and that he has the gift of getting away and conserving I should say at least 4 lb. to 5 lb. of his horse's nervous energy. They all win on that, and the more of it that can be saved, naturally, the better.

Someone I know very well said that the reason he was sure that Aureole would win the other day was because he decanted his jockey on the way to the post! This is always a sign that the animal is in good heart and though it may not take as much to distribute a jockey these days as it did when they did not ride so short, the sign is there all the same.

Fennell



DON JEROME (David Bird) praises the beauty of his "daughter" impersonated by the Duenna (Joyce Carey) to Isaac Mendoza (Gerald Cross), while his real daughter Donna Louisa (Jane Wenham) escapes to the arms of her true love—Don Antonio

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Duenna" (Westminster)

THIS revival is a bold venture which comes off charmingly. Sheridan's comic opera was written in collaboration with the composer Linley, whose daughter he had just married in romantic circumstances, and it took the town at once, running even longer than *The Beggar's Opera* had run fifty years earlier. But a popular hit of the day before yesterday takes a deal of adapting to modern taste and is usually worth neither the trouble nor the risk. Nigel Playfair tried the piece at Hammersmith in the early thirties, but that was at a time when he had managed to create a vogue for the eighteenth century. The presenters of the revival were starting, so to speak, from cold.

Playfair used Linley's music, "with trimmings," and even with the trimmings it would not stand much chance of success today. It was decided, rightly I think, to stick to Sheridan's words and to entrust the music to Mr. Julian Slade, a young composer who has the trick of a tunefulness which is no less fluent and rather livelier and less sentimental than the tunefulness of Ivor Novello.

OF course Mr. Slade had some delightful lyrics to work on—"I ne'er could any lustre see in eyes that would not look on me," for instance, and "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," "Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care," "Oh, the days when I was young" and "Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast," lyrics in which the wit is mollified with gay good humour and sentiment given savour with wit. Mr. Slade achieves no outstanding melody, but he gives us an evening of graceful and spirited airs, and we never once feel that any lyric has been marred by its setting.

Mr. Lionel Hann's direction of the company is a direct acknowledgment that some can sing and that others are good enough actors to go through the motion of singing with all possible naturalness. Miss Jane Wenham, as one of the runaway daughters of sternly mercenary fathers, can sing both high and low and can also act comic mischief with a delicately romantic manner. She finds a good singing partner in Mr. Denis Martin, and Mr. Desmond Ainsworth, the other love-lorn

Don of old Seville, does his teasing mistress much vocal honour, especially in the desperate heart-cry "Could I her faults remember." These are the romantics; the rest are enjoyed in comedy, and can get along very well without much musicianship.

ALTHOUGH he can troll a stave at need, Mr. David Bird is primarily an actor. He uses his accomplishment as such to over-act. Don Jerome is a part which would be nothing if it were not tremendously over-acted. He is the most conspicuous butt of the whole intrigue—a world's wonder of peppery obstinacy, cupidity and endearing egoism. He scatters his daughter's serenaders with a blunderbuss; he locks her in her chamber to await the arrival of the rich suitor whom she has never seen; and after she has made her demurely audacious escape and flown by devious ways into the arms of her lover the self-over-reaching old fool continues to believe that she has mysteriously capitulated to the odious Portuguese Jew. His own folly has in fact made it possible for his daughter's duenna, an ugly elderly lady, to change place with her charge in the hope of getting herself a husband. The Jew, though not without some qualms, has accepted the changeling. He is a man who has always had more regard for a woman's fortune than for her figure; and so the two remain the centre of the cross-purposes which Sheridan has arranged into so neat a cat's cradle that it remains swinging divertingly from corner to corner of the comedy until he chooses to pull it apart.

MR. GERALD CROSS makes an amusing figure of the Jew who is so much satisfied with his own cunning, that cunning, even if it works against himself, is almost an end in itself; and Miss Joyce Carey in a quite relentless make-up plays the ill-favoured duenna with immense relish for the lady's audacious and gallant advances to the object of her passion. The comedy, much wittier and funnier than literary critics have allowed, is interlaced with a little delicate burlesquing of Spanish dances.



DON ANTONIO (Denis Martin) entertains with a musical display of passion



During the course of the evening, Sir Shuldham Redfern, vice-chairman, and Miss Marjory Scott, a director, were chatting to Mr. John Denison, the Music Director of the Arts Council



Mr. Jack Rothstein, leader of the second violins, and Mrs. Charles Gregory were being entertained by Mr. Francis Turpin, of the B.B.C.



Mr. Charles Gregory, the secretary, was in conversation with Miss Anne Gardiner and Mr. Peter Gibbs, new leader of the Boyd Neel Quartet

DR. BOYD NEEL and the Boyd Neel Concert Society gave a cocktail party recently at their rooms in Welbeck Street. The orchestra and guests came to welcome Mr. Erich Gruenberg, of the New London Quartet, as their new leader



Dr. Boyd Neel (centre) was having a discussion with Mr. Boris Rickelman (left), the first 'cellist, and Mr. Erich Gruenberg, for whom the party was given



Patashou supported by A. Boehme and M. Hellemans

Limelight Abroad

Le Music Hall De Luxe

OSTEND.—Mme. Patashou, who used to be one of those freak vedettes relying on a Parisian wit and a trick (in her case, the cutting of gentlemen's ties whilst the owners were wearing them), has quite suddenly arrived in the genuine star class. Her innate intelligence and a trip to the U.S. have taken ten years and several pounds off her, and she now presents an act which should give M. Chevalier furiously to think.

She still waggles a superb gluteus maximus and her cornflower-blue eyes still match her skirt, but at the Kursaal in Ostend she faced an audience of 1500 people a night with quite as much aplomb as Gracie Fields. One of her songs, "Poor Man's Piano," has the nostalgic lilt of every French back-street melody, which should make it last as a popular air for as long as Josephine Baker's "J'ai Deux Amours."

THE Kursaal itself is of the same age and school as our own Royal Festival Hall, and it must be recorded sadly that when I enquired if my host had seen our own establishment, and added, "This is very much better," he gave me a pitying look and said, "But, of course. You all say that."

It is true. Here are two works by modern architects, but the Belgian Stynen has created an exterior which is the equal of the modernity and dignity of the enormous salons within. The uncarpeted bars, with their tea-urn atmosphere of our South Bank, cannot compete with the Belgian flair, despite the official absence of spirits on which their Government insists. But here one may watch a music hall in the comfortable company of wine, bock or export, a pastime which our own legislators find too frivolous to tolerate.

ALPHONSE BOEHME and Marcel Hellemans, of the Music Hall, run an orchestra of about the stature of Mr. Ted Heath's musicians in Blackpool, and I imagine they have about the same popular following. They are supported by a comic singer, Marcel Etienne, and his partner, Mlle. Vonny Claire. He is a Belgian edition of Sonnie Hale at the height of his Cochran revue period, and regarded here and in Brussels with affection coming from familiarity. Yet he is a true clown who can lampoon any singer from Trenet to Crosby, and sing very adequately in his own right. Travel should bring him fame.

To return to the Kursaal itself: its restaurant, its night club, its gaming room and its concert hall are a major contribution to good holiday-making in Europe. Indeed, I could find only one incongruous note: a little announcement from the management (for English-speaking clients) which runs: "Under no circumstances whatever, no cash advances will be made."

—Youngman Carter



MISS JOANNA CATHERINE GRANT, daughter of the late Major Sir Arthur Lindsay Grant, Bt., and of Lady Tweedsmuir, M.P., with her fiancé, Mr. Dominick Tucker Jones, son of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., and Lady Jones (Enid Bagnold, the novelist and playwright)

Talk Around the Town



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, here seen on their estate at Endsleigh, in Devon, are paying a visit to England from South Africa, where they have a farm in Cape Province

"DIDN'T we meet in Nassau?" he said.

"No," I replied, "not in Nassau."

He seemed puzzled.

"Not in Nassau?" he said. "Ah! Do you get out there often?"

"No," I replied, perhaps not suggesting sufficiently by my tone that I had never been to the Bahamas in my life.

"Yes, it's difficult to get away," he went on, and shook his head. Then suddenly: "I know where it was—at Noël's place!"

"I don't think so," I said, not adding that I had never been in Jamaica, let alone a guest there of Mr. Noël Coward.

This duel took place in what is known as a "West End cocktail club." The man was a stranger to me.

"Cannes . . . ?"

He shrugged his shoulders, as if he had had enough of Cannes. I waited for the next stop on our tour. It was the Lido.

Finally we gave it up, and talked amiably, but warily, of Le Touquet, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Paris, and a few assorted places. I felt that I had enjoyed a most cosmopolitan holiday by the time we had parted.

Not for the first time must I have been mistaken for a man who runs a wine business and who, in his better years, was said to be my double.

★ ★ ★

ONE imagines that the loss of their usual hearty breakfasts in favour of a roll and coffee is accepted by the majority of English travellers at this time of the year as part of the novelty of the holiday abroad.

But why the English ever acquired the taste for hearty breakfasts has hitherto eluded me. Not all northern nations need marmalade, sausages, kedgeree, toast, kipper, cornflakes and boiled eggs before settling down to work.

A book I have just been reading would have it that the Victorian breakfast had a partly religious impulse. It was a reward not only for early rising and labour, but followed family prayers, which in some Methodist households embraced a full hour of devotional studies. Mistress and maids alike were presumably tired out, physically and spiritually, by eight o'clock, and the custom of waiting on yourself at breakfast which survives to-day originated with the servants' hall having its own spread at the same time as the masters and mistresses upstairs.

No wonder that the Victorian business man could look upon the world each day with a feeling of solid assurance inside him—oh, those hot tea-cakes, rolls and muffins, grilled kidneys and thick slices of York ham!

I TAKE this surmise of the Victorian breakfast from a steaming hotpot of theory and fact which has been stirred together by Miss Dorothy Hartley, best known for her six-volume *Life and Work of the People of England*.

Food in England (Macdonald: 30s.) seems to be the result of a lifetime's culling of facts by a social historian, being neither quite cook book nor anthology but a combination of the two. Sydney Smith's recipe for salad, pictures of old types of churns, the making of birch wine in Sussex and potato wine with Michaelmas wheat, the horror of underfed children in Victorian factories and how rotten a medlar should be before eating—of such oddments is Miss Hartley's 700-page volume composed.

THE Industrial Revolution seems to mark the end of honest English food and cooking; and Miss Hartley chooses for her epilogue an elaborate description of a well-designed country "privy," with sectional diagram. Which rather brings the whole subject back again to the mediæval years which fill the earlier part of the book.

One diverting page is given over to the budget of a Victorian man-about-town with £100 a year to live on. He spends an average of 1s. 6d. for his bachelor meals, and haunts the Cigar Divan in Regent Street on an evening. This gentleman seems of a sober turn of mind, occasionally treating himself to a brandy at 1s. He is obviously of high morals. He furnishes his apartment, by



"HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN" is the centre-piece of the exhibition of paintings by Terence Cuneo at the galleries of the Royal Water-colour Society. Standing by it are Mr. Cuneo, Mrs. E. J. Colman, Miss Vanessa Colman and Mr. E. J. Colman

the way, by attending second-hand sales. He sounds a very dull man-about-town to me.

* * *

FEW railways in their time have not done their best to plague and confound me, but the events of one afternoon this summer in Yorkshire will ever have a unique place in my album of awful memories (British Railways section).

I headed a party of five travelling back to town from Huddersfield, being told that I must catch the 4.15, as a compartment had been booked at Leeds on the 5.15.

I was given a lot of conflicting information at Huddersfield railway station, but one fact did emerge: there was no 4.15, but fortunately we had arrived early enough for a 4.10. We were refused admission to this without extra tickets to Leeds (although we all had return ones to London).

We finally found the train. It was so disgustingly dirty that we lost one of the party, being unable to see her through windows opaque with grime. The rest of the party huddled with a crowd in the guard's van. How long would we take to Leeds? One railwayman said forty-five minutes. A guard said one hour. How far was it? Eighteen miles! In heaven's name why not a taxi? We extracted the obscured member of the party just as the train started.

The taxi-man was as one with Robb Wilton, and in good humour: "No one in Huddersfield ever knows where the trains come from or when, or go to. I think it's a new idea...

not having a stationmaster... I've never seen one anyway."

He rambled on in terms of long-forgotten railway lines, and dropped us with a nice paternal air in Leeds at what he assured us was the Central Station.

It was not the Central.

Followed a headlong rush across Leeds, only to be stopped at the barrier. "You can't get on this train without tickets to Wakefield." No matter that we had tickets to London! "Oh, no. Go back to ticket office and get proper tickets."

On that note our luck turned somewhat.

L EEDS platform was alive with policemen in their best uniforms.

A red-capped *garde-place* approached and touched his cap. We had a compartment booked? Here was British Railways trying to redeem itself.

The compartment turned out to be next to the restaurant car. As I went into mine, a plump and bronze-faced gentleman was ushered into his, with a bevy of policemen and officials in the background. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was our fellow passenger.

As the train started a tempting drink in a tumbler headed in the official direction. Before the returning attendant could rap out that no drinks were served until after dinner, one of us gave a pretty stiff order (two of the party were then near collapse) ending with the pregnant words "... but please don't put it on Sir David's bill. I'll pay you."

We got the drinks served promptly.

And presently had the rare sight of seeing the Home Secretary moving slowly towards his dinner in the middle of a chain-gang of men each of whom appeared to have been at one or more times Her Majesty's guest, and who had assaulted the train after Doncaster races.

* * *

O NE sidelight gleamed from the dark shadows of the recent rival exhumations of the events of December, 1936.

Two elderly bachelor brothers were found living together in Warwickshire in the same house, and working in the same factory, who had not spoken to each other for eighteen years.

They had quarrelled over the Abdication.

Would that some such vow of silence as theirs had been enjoined upon Fleet Street.

—Gordon Beckles



The China Society's Dinner at Hyde Park Hotel Honoured New President



In conversation over a glass of sherry were Sir Frederick Whyte, Miss Kwee Chai and Mr. Wilfred Andrews



Lt.-Col. K. Cantlie, the Vietnamese Ambassador and Mme. N. Khac Ve, and Mme. Lee, wife of the South Korean Minister

The new president, the Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan, Lady Theodosia Cadogan, were here with the chairman, Lady Whyte



From a window-seat, Lady Rosemary Machay and Mr. Derek Hayward looked through the shrubbery to the garden beyond



By the lily pond were Mr. F. Buxton, Miss J. Findlay, Miss J. Hardy and Mr. M. Pym



In lighthearted conversation over cocktails were Miss Marea Griffith, Lt. R. Morris and Mr. J. Morris



In the cool of the evening, the hostess; Lady Jessel (centre), showed some of her guests round the lovely gardens, and paused beneath one of the arbors to talk to Mr. and Mrs. Denis Morley

COUNTRY DANCE WAS GIVEN FOR CRYSTAL

LADHAM HOUSE, Goudhurst, Kent, the lovely home of Sir George and Lady Jessel, was the scene of the coming-out dance which they gave for Lady Jessel's daughter, the Hon. Crystal Russell. Thanks to the fine weather, guests were able to walk about the grounds. Jennifer writes about it on page 227



By a beautifully-arranged flower-piece, Miss Susan Egerton chatted to Mr. Saul Rodd between dances



The host, Sir George Jessel, escorted the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Agnew through the flower-filled garden



Harcourt

DINING OUT ABROAD

School Of Fish In The Soup

ITALY.—It is difficult at this time of the year to find any place in Italy—on the Adriatic side, or along the Ligurian coast—where *zuppa di pesce* does not seem to be the dominant dish.

Every restaurant seems to boast of some distinctive feature for its fish soup, which we know as *bouillabaisse* on the other side of the French border, and which is apt to taste so much better than it looks.

Different seasonings mean a lot: saffron, thyme, bay-leaves, fennel and garlic all may play their various parts, while sometimes celery and leeks creep into the stew. I believe that in some savoury pots as many as twenty different fish find a place.

Another dish forgotten these fifteen years in England is *fritto misto*, a mixed "fry" instead of grill, with various succulent offals. This can be as delicious as it is indigestible. Don't forget that Italian cooks, although their range is limited, can usually deal with an escalope of veal (*scaloppe*).

Most Italian cooks have some special way of their own with veal (e.g., in a batter), and it can be as tender as sole.

ONE of the many odd things about Italian wines is that one seldom sees them being drunk with a meal. A possible reason for this may be that (as in England) they are rather expensive in relation to their merits.

A bottle of commonplace Chianti cannot be bought in a good type of resort for less than 7s. 6d., which is 375 francs in France and the price of a modest vintage wine. If you are in Tuscany or Umbria it is best to stick to the local vines and risk it. You may find the natives drinking mineral waters (including that one we all hear about too much), or perhaps even being so American as to sip *Caffè espresso* during the meal.

Ice-cold vermouth can carry you over the first half of dinner; but beware of Italian "brandy."

ALWAYS good to bear in mind that you can, if the weather is hot, compromise and stick to the admirable salamis, smoked hams and seasonal fruits, with cheeses to dominate even the roughest local wine—*Gorgonzola*, *Belle Paese* or *Parmigiano*.

Although spaghetti is no longer the mainstay of the cuisine, it is silly not to see what the creators of this imaginative food can do with the numerous family—*tagliatelli*, *farfaralli*, *fettucini*, *vermicelli*, *macaroni*, *tufali*, and so on.

If all this sounds as if I lacked enthusiasm for the Italian kitchen, I will concede that the level of cooking (more specially on the Ligurian coast) seems vastly improved nowadays, while adding that some of my best meals have been of the simplest: fruits, cheese, an unidentifiable local wine—and sunlight.

—I. Bickerstaff



The Hon. Crystal Russell, wearing a delicately filmy ball gown of white tulle, with a sash of blue velvet, rested for a few moments in a quiet corner before the earliest of her guests arrived



Waltzing through the stately rooms were Mr. Timothy Clowes and his partner, Miss Jane Barchard



Another couple who thoroughly enjoyed this very good dance were Miss Caroline Fisher and Mr. Peter Bracher



Mr. Duncan McAlaister, Miss Sally Blagden, Miss Clare Hill, Mr. Richard Fowler, Mr. Preston Mostyn-Prichard and Miss Jacqueline Mills all met on the lawn between dances

Swabe



IN A VENETIAN GONDOLA: Mlle. F. Faure, Mlle. M. F. Decazes, Mlle. M. I. Decazes, Mlle. E. Decazes, la Duchesse Decazes, Mlle. S. Decazes and le Duc Decazes were leaving their Palazzo Polignac for a pleasant afternoon on the waters of the Grand Canal

Priscilla of Paris

Visitor Who Broke All The Rules

A CHINESE proverb rudely states that: "Guests and fish stink on the third day"! This has not been my experience and the recent sojourn of a seven-year-old youngster under my Island roof is the only reason why the saying recurs to me. However, since his visit was planned for seven days and his doting parents came to fetch him on the eighth, no noticeable harm seems to have come to either of us.

They found that the child had gained weight and that, despite a certain amount of rain, his bonny little face was warmly tanned. I only wish I could say the same about another portion of his anatomy and that I had enjoyed the tanning of it!

It was not that the child was a naughty child. From 7.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. he merely "expressed his personality." This is in accordance with the scientific, modern manner of treating children—a manner that so lightheartedly removes the responsibility of any upbringing by the parents. Belonging as I do to the long-past age of nurseries and Nannies, and not knowing all the rules of the new game, I found it difficult to cope with the lad . . . but cope I did! In doing so I discovered a certain sympathy for all the Wicked Uncles of fairy tale, history and romance. Indeed, I could almost find something kindly to say about Gilles de Rais.

The last vision I had of the young man was of him standing between papa's knees, his strong little hands clutching the wheel of the big car that papa drives none too

competently. I dare not write what I thought!

Leaving the Girl-from-the-Village and the Odd-jobman—who happens to belong to her—to clear up the wreckage in house and garden, I took to the high roads and made my way to Paris by a slow, restful, roundabout route. Branching away from the *Route Nationale* at Le Mans, the R.N. 138 bis is almost entirely banded with the green line that, on the map, indicates a *parcours pittoresque*, and picturesque it was. The dark, cool woods, on that day of unexpected warmth, were dappled with sunshine, the thatched and slate-roofed villages showed a rich assortment of rustic architecture and all the churches looked as if they ought to be visited.

AT Bonnetable I found the Hotel du Lion d'Or with, its swinging sign and its cobbled courtyard, an *auberge* that has grown up and achieved the unheard of luxury of two-gabled hotel sanitation. The cooking is excellent of its kind but NOT, so far as I am concerned, inspiring. I can heartily recommend it to travellers who fear the "kickshaws and sauces" of France.

Eggs, in the somewhat dreary form of *à la coque* or *sur le plat* cookery, were offered *à la carte*! The only fish dish was *sole meunière* while cold veal and chicken were the solid items of this restricted bill of fare. My young guest having demanded *bijstek* and fried potatoes, followed by bananas and cream, at every meal for the last week, I had counted, once rid of him, on doing myself proud, but this was to prove a delayed pleasure.

WHILE passing through Bèlème next day I regretted not having pushed on to the Boule d'Or there. Its flowered façade showed desire to please, and as petrol was being pumped into Elegant Elizabeth I went over and read the menu hanging outside the over-trellised porch. My mouth watered, for mine host—a Monsieur Rousseau—boasts that he offers such delicious things to eat that travellers who sample his cooking will remain for several meals. It was tempting, but I thought of the bath-room scales and went on my way!

I reached Paris in time to be present at the cocktail party given for the launching of M. Pierre Descaves' *Molière en U.R.S.S.* that is Monsieur l'Administrateur's very interesting travel log of the sojourn made by the company of the Comédie Française at Moscow and Leningrad last spring. Judging from the bronzed shoulders so generously exhibited by the charming summer frocks that abounded, most of the guests had returned from sea and country to be present. Amongst them was little Mlle. Annie Girardot who is the only prize-winner from the Paris Conservatoire to have been engaged at the Comédie this year. Compared with last year's crop this is a clear case of quality versus quantity.

Enfin!

● FROM A FASHION PAGE: "The *haricourt* silhouette of 1925 will be seen this winter." One prepares for the smell of moth-balls in the attics.



Among the many visitors for the summer season were Fru Gudrun Brun and her daughter Birgitte from Copenhagen, here pausing in the beautiful Piazza San Marco to watch the pigeons being fed

SUN WORSHIPPERS CAME TO VENICE

AFTER initial bad weather which afflicted Italy no less than the rest of Europe, Venice enjoyed a spell of brilliant sunshine. Among the chief attractions were the lately restored buildings on the Island of San Giorgio, now open to the public



Signor Luigi Vietti, architect in charge of the restorations at San Giorgio, with his wife, Signora Vietti



On a terrace of their hotel on the Grand Canal were the Duke and Duchess Leuchtenberg de Beauharnais



Prince Clary and his wife, the Princess, enjoyed an afternoon walk in the gardens of their palace on the Giudecca Canal



R. H. Schloss
Miss Wayne Caner, from Philadelphia, and Miss Audrey Riker, from New Jersey, were feeding the pigeons



John Warden matched his impressive make-up with a powerful performance in the role of Shylock



Simon Brown and Richard Opperman were those two gentlemen of Venice, Bassanio and Salanio



Salerio (N. D. Wilson) spoke with Nerissa (N. W. D. Sturch), while Portia (O. P. Plowwright) questioned Antonio (D. Morton-Jack)

STOWE'S GUESTS SAW ITS MANY-SIDED LIFE

SPEECH DAY at Stowe School brought parents from all over the country for a glimpse of its numerous activities. They saw "The Merchant of Venice" played in the Queen's Temple, watched cricket and tennis, and enjoyed strolling in the beautiful grounds of this former seat of the Dukes of Buckingham



Strolling on the shaven turf which sets off the magnificent architecture of the lofty portico were Baron von Maydell, who was on his first visit to an English public school, Mrs. Neil Forsyth, Alexander Forsyth and Mr. Neil Forsyth



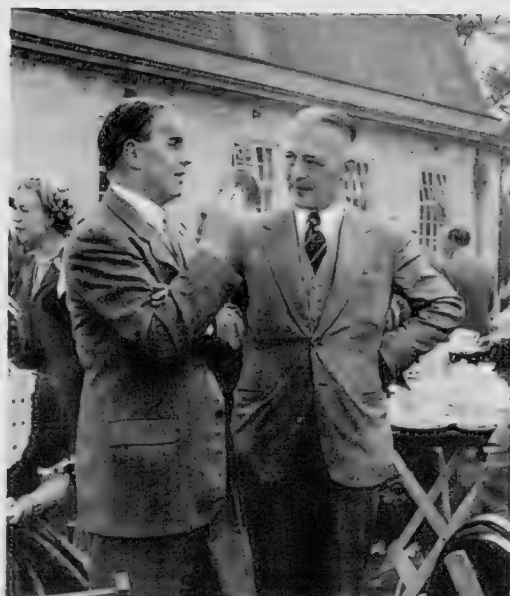
Having a stand-up tea together were Professor and Mrs. Pulvetaft, and Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Dix Perkin, of Knightsbridge



Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Kennerley, from Cheshire, were here with their son John and friend, Gary McAllester



Present on a critical rally during the afternoon's tennis were Ian and Philip Sinclair and their mother, Mrs. J. R. Sinclair



The Headmaster, Mr. E. V. Reynolds, chatted with Col. George Warden as the visitors assembled for tea



Alan Spence had taken his parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. Spence, and his sister Margaret to watch the tennis matches



Lady Thomas, Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C. and a Governor of Stowe, and Viscount Wimborne, chairman of the Governors



Michael Rushton head boy and captain of the 1st XI., with David Cameron, Neil Rushton and Ralph Cobham



The sweep of a noble colonnade provided a background for A. G. Morrison, P. H. Robinson, J. C. W. Garwood-Gowers, D. L. Grant and C. L. Dawes, classically disposed by the steps

Clayton Evans



"... gloating over barely-clad female torsos"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

A PIQUANT, dynamic, rebelly little actress named Maggie Mitchell, who danced a fandango on the Stars and Stripes during the official inauguration of Jefferson Davis as first President of the Confederate South on the eve of the Civil War (1861) is probably the real pioneer of American ballet, we suggest to a critic whickering vaguely on this topic.

Since she is said to have revealed a pair of saucy ankles more than once during her *pas seul* on Old Glory, La Petite Mitchell may likewise be hailed the Pioneer of Sex-Appeal in International Ballet, we conjecture. Modern balletomanes gloating over barely-clad female torsos tossed around by half-nude chaps in tigerskins forget that any leering impresario suggesting even to Taglioni, Ellsler, or Grisi that they should permit gentlemen to glimpse their ankles in the whirl of the dance would have been struck smartly across the kisser with a long, white kid glove. La Mitchell got away with it, we guess, owing to the general excitement in the South, also to the fact that President Davis (a Welchman) was noted for what is called the artistic temperament. "Glory sakes! That is some instep whatever!" one can hear him crying, while at his elbow old Pokerpan Alexander Stephens, his Vice-President, keeps growling "Tarnation trollop."

Afterthought

IT was not till the Ziegfeld period, some fifty years or more later, that the reunited American people were faced with the Fully-Exposed Kneecap, and, after a mental struggle, accepted it. The ballet-boys swiftly exploited it, and it has since, we understand, caught on at the Folies-Bergère, Paris, France. (End message.)

Dough

FINANCIERS must pay income-tax on all embezzled funds, the U.S. Court of Appeals has just decided, and our Bloomsbury

spies report that the London School of Economics boys assume this contingency to be already provided for, as in the case of funds derived from visiting sahibs by certain LSE alumni who have returned to the African Bush.

One of these, the Alabu of Bjongo, B.Sc. (Econ.), established a precedent in the 1930's, according to the diaries of a Mr. Smith, his one-time guest. Explaining to Mr. Smith soon after capture that his £150 ransom has been raised to £250, the Alabu said: "This increase will cover income-tax, land-tax, and other contingencies, and illustrates what Bagehot calls 'cumulative upswing.' Incidentally," added the Alabu irritably, "where did you buy that topee? You look an abject stinkard in it." Removing his headgear, Mr. Smith pleaded for credit—"described by Mill," he said, "as 'the disposition of one man to trust another.'". To which the Alabu replied: "Not likely, you dirty fool! See Ricardo." While Mr. Smith was earnestly postulating time as an economic factor the Alabu clapped suddenly twice and a horde of hideous men with woolly hair began busying themselves with a large cooking-pot.

Should plump, pink Mr. Smith, having reluctantly written a cheque for £250, have nevertheless been cooked and eaten next day? Economists are still divided on this question, apparently.

Ordeal

FEW news-items were better calculated to stir the sympathy (and perhaps the indignation) of a proud, free people than a recent daily-paper revelation about a giraffe named Nellie, who was brought 280 miles in a lorry from Sunderland to the London Zoo and had to have her head pushed down by a Zoo attendant whenever frequent low bridges spanned the highway.

Very tall proud girls with long, willowy necks and high-piled coiffures who flourished in the Burne-Jones Period, circa 1870-80, knew the same humiliating experience, a footman being usually on duty at doorways under 8 ft. high with

a kind of velvet-covered bamboo gaff. Infinite cold scorn blazed in their glorious eyes (an aged rake once told us) as their heads were jerked down just in time. But their bosoms heaved and their cheeks were suffused with shame and anger, and gentlemen strove vainly to interest them later in albums of Japanese art.

"Pray, pray, Mr. Wallowby, do not speak to me."

"But observe, dear Lady Alicia, the delicate hues of this Hokusai butterfly! With what subtle mastery—"

"Please leave me."

(Exit Mr. Wallowby, trippingly. Pause. Enter large, menacing Duchess.)

"Alicia! You have dismissed Mr. Wallowby?"

"Yes, Mamma. He was the spectator of my humiliation in the doorway. I can never face him again."

(Duchess whistles through her fingers, loudly. Re-enter Mr. Wallowby, trippingly.)

Footnote

NELLIE the giraffe cannot, naturally, hope to marry £15,000 a year, but we guess she longs to be alone with her neurosis just as fervently as her more fortunate Mayfair sister—realising, maybe, that she is the sole topic at the Zoo high table, with what coarse jests banded to and fro among the Fellows a modest female giraffe can scarcely imagine. The British nation will demand the immediate attendance of a Harley Street psychiatrist, as in the case of manic-depressive baboons. (Photographs on back page.)

Tantivy

THAT look of doubt and anxiety which one of the Fleet Street boys detected on so many leathery pans at the International Horse Show is due, probably, to a familiar dread-psychosis in the hunting world to which a sporting poet has alluded very sympathetically, if we may remind you. Quoting from memory:

Up the (something) mountain,
Down the (something) glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
The Blankney, Quorn, and Belvoir,
They quake like billyho,
So blessings on your frosty pow,
John Jameson and Co.

The "little men" involved, each about a foot high, wear tiny red peaked hats and run (apparently on wheels) beside the Hunt, squeaking "Forrard on!" and "Ware wire!" making merry faces at the hard girls, and evidently enjoying every minute of the fun. Nothing is more unsettling. See Beckford on this; also "Nimrod," who always knew, when he woke to find five little laughing men in bed with him, that a thaw was setting in at last. See also "Sabretache," who knows more than most but rarely "lets on."



"... run, apparently on wheels, beside the hunt"



Guests on entering were greeted with the sight of painted balloons hung across the entrance. The hosts, Mr. Berens and Mr. Tatham (on ladder) are here seen fixing them up

TWO DÉBUTANTE ESCORTS, Mr. Richard Berens, a clever artist, and Mr. Richard Tatham, gave a cocktail party for their friends at Pavilion Road, Chelsea, which proved to be one of the most amusing of the season, striking a gay holiday note



Mr. J. M. Cormack was there with his wife, who wore a pair of striking daisy ear-rings



Mr. Euan McCorquodale and Miss Caroline Highal were among those who took their drinks outside



Miss Margaret Grenfell, Mr. John Cresswell-Turner and Miss Mary Terry were other guests at this excellent party



Miss Caroline Clive, Miss Alice Ferguson and Miss Priscilla Stewart-Smith were interested in Mr. Berens' caricatures

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"I thought your last speech was a scream !!!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

★ THE travelling salesman suddenly entered the office of the big business executive without ceremony. The business man sat up and said haughtily: "It is the invariable custom of this office to make an appointment with my secretary before seeing me, and I—"
"Oh, that's all right," said the traveller, breezily. "I've tried to, but she's all booked up." ★

SHE was one of those rare people who never let their obligations get ahead of them. Therefore, as she prepared on a Friday to depart for a week-end visit in the country, she methodically sat down and wrote a thank-you note to be posted immediately on her return. Unfortunately, however, her husband saw it on the desk and posted it—and she arrived an hour after her letter did.

* * *
"IF you had to choose between marrying for love or money, Gerda," asked the first chorus girl, "which would you choose?"
"Love, I expect," replied Gerda, gloomily.
"... I always seem to do the wrong thing."

* * *
THE football match was exciting, and an enthusiastic fan had been loudly cheering for his home team. After a time, however, he stopped cheering and turning to the man beside him, whispered: "I've lost my voice."
"Oh, it's not lost," said his neighbour wearily, "you'll find it right in my ear."

* * *
SHE was having trouble in finding a seat in a crowded train, when a porter approached.
"Here, ma'am," he suggested, "it's too full this end. Come with me to the front of the train and I'll fix you up."
"Indeed you won't," the woman exclaimed.
"D'you take me for a mascot?"

At The Pictures

STRAWBERRIES
AND PICKLE

Dick Powell restraining
the juvenile delinquent
Debbie Reynolds

WITH Susan Slept Here Hollywood delivers one of its chromium-plated, wisecracking novelettes, laid locally during an alcoholic Christmas. Two friendly policemen bestow upon Dick Powell, a writer of over-smartie dialogue (such as the picture affects), a seasonable present—an intractable girl delinquent of seventeen.

Played by the fetching Debbie Reynolds, with appalling sophistication, she decides to stay in his bachelor apartment, being presently seen reposing solo in what is apparently the Great Bed of Ware. Naturally, by this time we know that the outwardly repellent vagrant is at heart an unbelievably Good Girl, and Mr. Powell, a Decent Sort. To keep her from jail and to thwart his waspish fiancée, Powell marries her, intending a swift divorce. But the idea is spurned by Susan, now starry-eyed with secret devotion.

Before the unduly deferred final clinch there is a clever dream-fantasy interlude. Otherwise the production is one of expensive settings and cheap values. Here and there pungency creeps into the brittle writing, but the tale, emotionally fraudulent, is largely one of mink, drink and she-cats. Miss Reynolds displayed an odd passion for eating pickles with strawberries, and that was mainly the effect on my own palate.

YOU remember, I hope, *The Food of the Gods*, H. G. Wells's glorious nightmare? Them, which has richly earned the Censor's "X" certificate, concerns the horrific discovery by the police of a nest of gigantic ants, eight feet long, in the New Mexico Desert. We are asked to believe that they were somehow the result of atomic explosion experiments; also, but for mass military attacks, with poison shells and flame-throwers in the tunnel drains of Los Angeles, the extinction of humanity would take place within twelve months.

That, at any rate, was the opinion of the old scientist (with scientific jargon and intrepid daughter) called in to direct the fierce, deafening campaign, with special destruction of queens and larvæ. Played by our own Edmund Gwenn with a barely concealed twinkle, he asks: who may survive the unknown calamities of nuclear fission? I can only suggest that Hollywood might.

MY admiration of the French comedian Fernandel is still unbounded, and in priest's garb he seems more at home than either Bing Crosby or Alec Guinness. *The Return of Don Camillo* presents him as curé of an Italian mountain village, constantly at loggerheads with the Communist mayor, who reluctantly has to concede his popularity. There are quiet satire of the Leftists, a hilarious boxing match, and a disastrous flood which unites everybody in rescue work. As the sturdy Red leader Gino Cervi is well cast, but the interest never wanes in the brilliant central figure, with his philosophical chats with God and that expressive face which always seems to me a blend of George Formby and Tommy Trinder.

—Patrick Mannock

deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



Passing a marker in the turbulent Solent, Vana, which won the first race of the series, was leading Mr. J. M. F. Crean's Inge and Mr. and Mrs. R. Garnham's Rin-Jin, the only Dragon from Bembridge



Vana's owner-helmsman, Mr. W. Gordon Smith (right), discusses the race with Mrs. Gordon Smith and Mr. W. Ritchie

DRAGONS TOOK WIND FOR THE DUKE'S CUP

HIGH winds caused international Dragon entries for the Duke of Edinburgh's Cup at Bembridge to show more than their usual best speeds when they went out though the weather also caused postponements. Final result of these very exciting races (last held in Britain in 1949) was a win for Vana



One of the entries was the fast Danish boat Lil crewed by Mr. A. Turner, Mr. Borge Borresen, Mrs. Thorkil Warrer, and Mr. Thorkil Warrer, owner of Lil, who are here talking over the day's tactics



Major C. C. Nainby-Luxmoore, of the Sailing Committee, with Cdr. A. D. S. Grant, R.N. (retd.), the secretary



Mr. A. W. Mooney, who brought his Dragon, Hurricane IV., from Ireland, was chatting with Mrs. R. Garnham



Mr. David Jessel with Mr. F. Hubbard, who had been crewing in Nerine (Mrs. M. de Selincourt)



Two well-known owners of Bembridge Redwings watch the racing: Mr. H. K. Andreæ and Mrs. Hugh Collins



At Bembridge S.C., the organising club, after the racing, were Lt.-Cdr. J. F. H. Gavrard, French Naval Attaché, Mr. J. M. M. McCurrich, Mr. Mark Johnstone, Mons. F. Thierry-Mieg, owner of Astrid II., his wife, and Lt.-Col. G. A. G. Huddleston, V.R.D., the Club's Vice-Commodore



Television

NUGGETS OF TALENT

By higgledy-piggledy methods, TV is turning up rich seams of talent. Man of the year is plainly Iain McCormick. The steady growth of his play cycle from sensation into significance makes Sunday's (and Thursday's) finale, *Return to the River*, an event not to be overlooked. Thus far McCormick's mood has matched his high theme of *The Promised Years*.

Sunday's episode returns to the Italy of *The Liberators*. So it is sad that Maureen Beck and Owen Holder will not be playing their former parts. Like all good plays, McCormick's have provided chances, and Miss Beck took hers beautifully. Producer Alvin Rakoff has every hope that Ingeborg Wells will do her justice as Lucia nine years older. Laurence Payne will again be the partisan leader he played so finely; opposite him his wife, Pamela Allan, a powerful television actress from St. Joan to serials.

Two more young actresses in Tuesday's eighteenth-century comedy, *The Wonder*, by Mrs. Centlivre, are encouragingly described by the producer as "real leading ladies; not ingenues." Mary Watson has already shone brilliantly in three successive TV plays, culminating in the Shaw birthday *Misalliance*. June Shields is the New Lindsey's new-comer from Perth.

Most gravely beautiful of TV ingenues is Janette Sterke. She can be seen again to-morrow in George Preedy's *Captain Banner*.

OUTSIDE broadcasts provide a ground base for diversions.

Next week, TV is "doing" Chatsworth with melancholy thoroughness: *Showplace*, *Music from Chatsworth*, the Devonshire Collection, even an Epilogue from Chatsworth Chapel.

Emphasis for more jovial O.B.'s is on Games: British from White City, Empire from Vancouver, Highland from Edinburgh. Also from Edinburgh that romantic Tattoo, so superb last year to anyone with an ear for pipes.

COMPENSATING for TV's discoveries is its inevitable waste of talent. In *Misalliance*, the expenditure of first-class acting on a single performance—let alone the study of Shaw's torrent of words—was heartbreaking. One would like Olga Lindo's Mrs. Tarleton and Maurice Colbourne's aged Lord Summerhays preserved permanently. Patrick Troughton gave an amazing display as the rueful anarchist and Patricia Laffan splendidly sustained the flamboyance, if not the Polish accent, of Lina Szczepanowska. All for one evening.

Such extravagance is generous. To spend a brilliant, all-male team of talkers, with Margaret Lockwood in splendid form as Madam Chairman, on making so silly a parlour-game as "Once Upon a Time" sound better than it was, seemed wanton waste.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



TREASURE-HUNTING FAMILY. Undersea explorers Dr. and Mrs. Crile and their four children about to start on an expedition off the Florida coast. The account of their adventures *Treasure Diving Holidays* (18s.) has just been published by Collins

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

A Distinguished First Novel

WHAT of Africa? David Unwin's novel, *THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), could hardly be more topical. Those who seek in fiction escape from the problems of to-day are not being, this season, too well served—you may note how many outstanding novels have themes which could be newspaper headlines.

If you can face it, however, there's good in this—one becomes aware how a state of things can create tensions and dramas for individuals; and, if the individuals be interesting (as characters in a novel should and must be), one can, by entering into their hopes and fears, react to a whole situation, which may have been obscure, in straightforward, ordinary human terms. Though, three things are necessary—one must feel that the novelist is truthful, be sure that he has no axe to grind, and find him enjoyable as a storyteller.

Mr. Unwin more than passes this test. (This is, I note, his first actual novel: he, as the son of Sir Stanley Unwin, comes by no means new to the world of books; and moreover has, since 1942, been publishing stories for older children under the pen-name of David Severn. To write or have written for the young may well be, judging from these results, a first-rate exercise in story-telling.) *The Governor's Wife* grips one from the first page—nor need I apologise for this *double entendre*, for the heroine, Lady Mountclair, is

distinctly a predatory type. Or, one should perhaps say, first arresting, afterwards magnetic.

This dynamic, statuesque brunette is young enough to be the Governor's daughter—which Sebastian Pole, paying his first call, does indeed at first take her to be. She differs in almost every way from the prototype Government House lady; she has married the ageing idealist Sir Christopher because (as she explains to Sebastian) she not only revered and admired him but was interested in African affairs and felt a desire to play a part in them. This indeed she does. She has, however, energies to spare.

ROSE MOUNTCLAIR is only one of the figures upon the scene. Sebastian Pole, who tells the story, is a young Englishman employed by a financial Trust: he has flown out to the British Colonial Protectorate of Bandaland to report upon the Nwambe Desert Irrigation Project—a project which, as he is to find, has brought local feeling to boiling-point. Whether one is for or against it, and still more for whatever reason one is for or against it, it seems that no one Sebastian meets is able to speak calmly on this subject—with the exception of the Governor, whose courteous but desiccated manner conceals a profound conviction: the scheme, Utopian as it may seem to be and expensive as it is bound to prove, is in fact his pet. The Nwambe desert is to be caused to blossom like a rose; thousands of hungry Africans will be fed.

It behoves Sebastian (never in Africa before) to listen to all, weigh up, and present his report to the Trust accordingly. In the course of this, he is to encounter what might be considered a fair cross-section of the Bandaland notabilities, white and coloured. Racial, political and cultural conflicts, further heated up by the local hysteria and often not inseparable from sex, cannot and do not fail to present themselves. Business takes him, also, over the border into the neighbouring Republic of Equatoria; which, unblushingly run in the white man's interest, deprecates Bandaland and its clement Governor as "the black man's paradise."

That the Bandaland black man is, however, still far from satisfied is demonstrated by the leader of the Africa for the Africans party, uncompromising nationalist intellectual, Sameuli Bifabishu; whose friendly and moderate sister, Martha, a teacher, works at the school sponsored by the Governor's wife. The extreme of the opposite point of view is represented by blonde Patricia, an Equatoria girl unwillingly sojourning in Bandaland. Patricia, unsteadied by race prejudice, falls furiously in love with Sebastian; then, jealous, contrives a mare's nest which brings about the innocent Martha's end—an incident so unspeakably horrible that one questions its necessity to the story.

The plot is admirably built; the speed never slackens, and scene and atmosphere are almost overpoweringly conveyed. Best of all, Mr. Unwin, though he raises questions, does not attempt to answer them. Like his hero Sebastian he remains detached. This, he seems to tell us, is the lay-out.

★ ★ ★

MANY are brains, in these days, but fewer minds. Cerebral activity may go on (and does, to judge by many who speak and write) against or out of a sort of vacuum, mindlessness; that seems to be a phenomenon of our time—much is said, much occurs, but little remains.

Daniel George's *LONELY PLEASURES* (Cape; 15s.) shows what a mind *can* be: Mr. George has one. Well known as a critic, indeed reviewer, he has seldom written a line which is quite ephemeral; and he has done well to garner here not only reviews and articles but a number of personal observations, human no less than literary. One is not merely struck by the amount that he has read: *Lonely Pleasures* is in no sense a parade of achievement or erudition. No, what one feels more is the endlessness, the freshness and the variety of his sheer capacity for enjoyment. He revels in the curiosities of literature; he makes a personal approach to the straight classic, within which he has a genius for discovering something more. One might well say, after browsing through *Lonely Pleasures*, "I had no idea there were so many books in the world!" What one would mean would be, one had no idea that any one life could be so much enriched.

FOR the real reader, such as is Mr. George, is never passive: to all that comes from the page he is always adding something of his own. The savour, the exhilaration, the pure fun of his experiences are here—nor could this volume be of such value had Mr. George lived only in books: one needs to have lived life in order to see how both true and amazing books are, and he has done so.

Lonely Pleasures goes into six sections—Personal, Bibliographical, Critical, Historical, Biographical, Quotational. If you want to know what is the matter with the modern novel, he can tell you—but many other things matter more, and with those many other things he no less concerns himself. Rich, racy, wise and reflective, and from time to time also superbly comical, this is a book to keep—and a book to share.



Continued on page 260

ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Susan N. Albu, second daughter of Sir George Albu, Bt., and Lady Albu, of Wiltonhaze, Parktown, Johannesburg, has announced her engagement to the Hon. David P. D. Stapleton-Cotton, younger son of Viscount and Viscountess Combermere, of Cholstrey Lodge, Leominster



Pearl Freeman

Miss Olga Carol Tapp, eldest daughter of Mr. T. C. Tapp, of Plas Aney, Mold, Flintshire, and of the late Mrs. Tapp, is engaged to be married to Signor Carlo Bianchini, younger son of Dott. Gino Bianchini and Signora Bianchini, of Rome



Fayer

Miss Belinda Young, daughter of the late Mr. R. A. Young, and of Mrs. James Young, of Hans Crescent, S.W.1, is to marry Mr. Peter Egerton-Warburton, Coldstream Guards, son of Col. Egerton-Warburton, D.S.O., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Warburton, M.B.E., of Malpas, Cheshire



MAXWELL—ROSS

Lt. J. David Maxwell, R.N., son of Capt. T. K. Maxwell, R.N. (ret.) and Mrs. Maxwell, of Whitchurch, Herefordshire, married Miss Georgiana A. Ross, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. (E) P. Ross, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. T. Horn, of Wilts., at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



ARCHDALE—LUKIS

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Cdr. Edward F. Archdale, D.S.C., R.N., son of Vice-Admiral Sir E. Archdale, Bt., C.B.E., and Lady Archdale, of Crowborough, Sussex, married Miss Elizabeth A. S. Lukis, daughter of Major-Gen. W. Lukis, C.B.E., and Mrs. Lukis, of Victoria, B.C.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



CORKHILL—ROYDS

Lt.-Cdr. Anthony D. Corkhill, D.S.C., R.N., son of the late Capt. Corkhill, and of Mrs. T. W. Corkhill, of Ruthin, North Wales, married Miss Jill Royds, daughter of Mr. G. Royds, of Kingsgate, Kent, and of the late Mrs. Royds, at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Valetta



TWISTON-DAVIES—CORYTON

Capt. Christopher E. Twiston-Davies, Royal Dragoon Guards, son of the late Sir L. Twiston-Davies, and of Lady Twiston-Davies, of Gibraltar House, Monmouth, and Miss Sara J. Coryton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Coryton, of Liss, Hants, were married at Greatham Church, Liss



TATTERSALL—ESSELEN

At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Mr. Patrick Tattersall, son of Mr. H. Tattersall, of Sussex, and the late Mrs. K. S. Tattersall, was married to Miss Isie-Suzetti Esselen, daughter of the late Mr. L. Esselen, and of Mrs. A. C. K. Esselen, of Pretoria, South Africa



LEVESLEY—PICKWORTH

Mr. John Michael Toulson Levesley, son of Brig. and Mrs. A. Levesley, of Froggatt, Derbyshire, was married to Miss Alice Barbara Pickworth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Pickworth, of Sheffield, at St. John's Church, Ranmoor, Sheffield



FASHION CHOICE

Of The

WEEK

WE have chosen from Jenners, of Edinburgh, this "Country Life" suit that is useful for a hundred occasions. Made of lace-tweed, you can wear it with a scarf and a wool sweater or with a low neck and pretty jewellery for a cocktail party. The open weave of the fabric makes it a "warm in winter, cool in summer" affair, but the suit is lined throughout. We show it with country accessories, but this is a suit you can wear in town as well. It costs £25 19s. 6d. Jenners also supplied the other merchandise shown

—MARIEL DEANS



This neat little blouse, made of pure silk, has a neck that can be worn open or closed. The short sleeves are finished with narrow, stitched cuffs. It costs 59s. 6d.



This classic felt hat, perfect country companion for the suit, costs 54s. The pouch bag, a soft nappa leather affair, is £7 2s. 6d., and the hand-sewn, hog-skin gloves, 53s. 6d.

*Town
&
Country*

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

GENERAL impact of holidays has met me, for once, not entirely unprepared. Last time we determined not to submit to the undiluted company of the young twenty-four hours a day for weeks and weeks without at least some form of trained help to assist in making bright conversation with them.

Knowing that school teachers have long holidays and, presumably, are impervious to children, I put an advertisement for a holiday help in an educational paper and got forty-four answers, all from the north of England. We discarded those written on pink scented paper or sheets torn from squared copy-books—our own children are bad enough without added external influence. Rather regretfully, at least on my part, we ignored the one from the young man of twenty-eight who was, he said, a wizard with children and wanted the job because he thought I could give him the home life for which his soul yearned—because he signed himself "Bye for now, dear, Yours sincerely."

WE eventually settled for a young thing, female, called Jocelyn, who according to her efficiently typed letter of application, had deliberately elected to spend her



working life teaching drama and music to underprivileged educationally subnormal children. That she should want to do more or less the same thing in her holidays argued, we thought, a saint-like disposition that probably wouldn't mind helping with the washing-up either.

JOCELYN turns out on inspection to be all her impeccable references say—also gorgeously curved, spectacularly pretty, and possessed of a vast and fascinating wardrobe of swirling cotton skirts and tight sweater tops. In a few hours she has all the children painting primitive murals on the distempered wall of the boys' room, and in no time at all L. and E. are playing recorders like B., while B., understandably annoyed at having his great distinction usurped, is placated by Jocelyn, who sits for hours helping him to write down his repertoire of "sinister" stories about cripples who are loosed in the depths of the equatorial jungle and eventually devoured by crocodiles.

Jocelyn also teaches all the other children of the neighbourhood to paint murals and play recorders—also to play *Vingt-et-un* in gangs on the boys' room floor. To begin with I am perturbed about what neighbouring mothers are going to say about murals, recor-

[Continued on page 252]



A slim, straight suit of golden-brown lace mounted on taffeta is designed by Julian Rose. Notice its cuffed, three-quarter length sleeves and the elegant formality of its black velvet half-collar. Woollands, of Knightsbridge, have it in stock

Summer Afternoon

SUNSHINE at last—and drinks in the garden! Here are four pretty afternoon outfits from the mid-season collections that look both summery and suitable for wearing out of doors now, yet will carry on superbly into the autumn and winter for all sorts of party occasions. The hats that go with them have been lent by Renée Pavy —MARIEL DEANS



This charming nylon party frock, with its white stripes on a thunder-blue background, has a little "shrug," a jacket, which, when taken off, leaves a strapless top for summer sunbathing or autumn dances. A Horrockses frock, it is stocked by Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus

CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

ders and gambling hell, but to my relief their only reaction is to ask repeatedly where I got Jocelyn and couldn't they get one too?

On surface, in fact, sole drawback of Jocelyn is that it is extremely difficult to wake her in time for breakfast, and this is solved by children being only too ready to enter her bedroom at any hour with resounding crash and cup of tea, thus conveniently forestalling husband's eager offer to do likewise.

UNFORTUNATELY planned holiday quiet for self does not seem to materialize. Lure of Jocelyn, coinciding with cold, wet and generally depressing weather, means that house is not merely infested with routine children during waking as well as sleeping hours—except for occasional visits to swimming pool, Jocelyn being champion swimmer—but also by vast gangs of neighbours. In addition, neighbours' elder brothers, uncles, widowed fathers, etc., are incessantly on telephone asking her to parties on nights off. Also



Jocelyn, though roughly shaped like Marilyn Monroe, is an astounding trencherwoman, which means that I practically scrape new potatoes and chop salad in my sleep.

As for evenings, we find it brutal to keep on leaving Jocelyn alone to "sit" after her grueling day—she accepts none of the invitations showered on her, and her conversation is rather wearing night after night, being almost exclusively about the young man in Malaya to whom she is now regretting becoming engaged, what do we think she should do, and what she likes about us is the way we're all so noisy and close to each other all the time. Find it difficult to tell her that the reason she is here is to mitigate both noise and closeness.

FINAL climax is reached when husband takes a few days' leave, weather miraculously improves, and we plan to go off for a picnic by ourselves, leaving young in charge of Jocelyn. Am about to announce this at breakfast when Jocelyn, raising wild-rose face and sapphire eyes from ecstatic contemplation of bacon-and-eggs, remarks that it's such a lovely day, she and the children have decided to go to swimming bath and think it would be lovely if Daddy and I came too to view how magnificently children's swimming has improved.

We have our mouths open to refuse when children burst in simultaneously, "Oh, do—do come and watch us—oh, but you *must*!" What with their eager faces and Jocelyn's reproachful eyes which insinuate that we are unworthy of our little angels who, but for her personal attention, would be affection-starved virtual orphans ripe for the juvenile court, we can only hastily bury our plans for personal freedom. But, as my husband rather bitterly remarks, the trouble about people who are good with children is that they are so seldom good with grown-ups.

— Diana Gillon



... Summer Afternoon

(On the opposite page) Susan Small makes this very lovely black dress of fine grosgrain trimmed with satin. It has a particularly becoming neckline, ornamented with a pink rose. From Woollands, of Knightsbridge

(Below) This dark red and black shot taffeta dress with a raised pattern of black roses is made by Simone. It has a beautifully cut bodice and a swathed cummerbund. All inquiries to Simone Ltd., 18 Curzon Street, W.1



Shopping — They're Novel; They're New

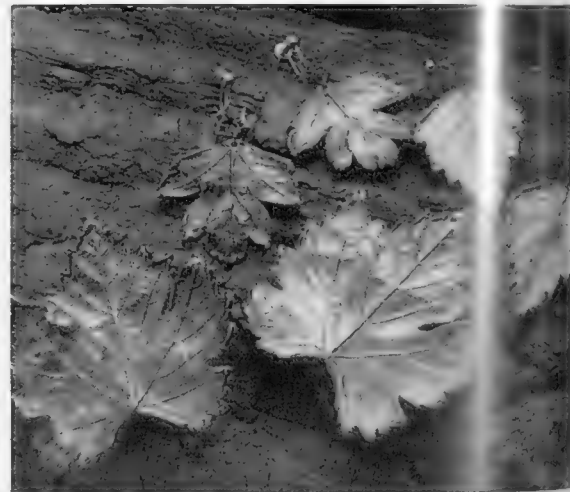
UTILITY and make-do are echoes of the past. The present trend is all for originality and distinction. In the shops can be seen good examples of fine workmanship and design in fabrics accessories and decorative things for the home
—JEAN CLELAND



The newest idea in sweater squares; silk and cotton mixture, oatmeal and grey ground with contrasting square design in red or green. Exclusive to Debenham & Freebody, price 21s. Also a delightful "kiddies bag" in hide and macrame string, price 25s. From Debenham & Freebody



One for the road at this bar with a difference; designed as a lamp-stand. The barman has a corkscrew attached to his head, the musician a bottle opener, and the three customers corks. The bottle, tankards and glasses all pull out of their sockets to form a set of cocktail sticks. The whole scene costs £5 2s. 6d., the lampshade 21s. They all come from Selfridges



To wear with a town or country suit, this unusual jewellery, cast from real leaves and covered with 22-ct. gold or silver. This is a newer and less expensive process than that used for similar leaf jewellery pictured here some weeks ago. Large gold vine leaf brooch 12s. 11d., large silver vine leaf brooch 12s. 11d., silver sycamore earrings 16s. 11d., gold birch brooch 7s. 11d. From Peter Jones Boutique



Beautiful and unusual examples of Chelsea pottery. Yellow and black jug 56s., decorated bowl 52s. Small vase 7s. 3d. From Liberty's

Summer supper set with the Italian look. Round basket for ice or fruit 21s. 9d. Two-in-one oil and vinegar for salad dressing 10s. 6d. Bottle for cocktails or other cool drinks 21s. 11d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth



Dennis Smith

IN TOWN TODAY

WHATEVER will they think of next? Well, I'm here to tell you, and if you do not feel pleased, I shall be very surprised. The latest idea to gladden the feminine heart is a "Spare Stocking Pack" by Aristoc Mistique.

This consists of three 60-gauge, 12-denier stockings in a pack for 21s. 9d. If you ladder one, you do *not* say goodbye to the pair. No, you just take out the extra one and start off again as good as new. This boon comes from Marshall & Snelgrove.

★ ★ ★

DO you like to laze in your bath and luxuriate in the warmth and the softly scented steam? Some people say their brightest ideas come to them at such times. The only thing that has spoilt my pleasure in the past has been the hardness of the bath at the back of my head. But now all is well. I have been introduced to a new comfort. A little sponge pillow called the "Lazy Bather," that sticks on to the bath in whichever position you like, by means of small suction pads. Goodness knows what things I'll think up now, as I lie there at ease, and all for the price of 10s. 3d., from Harrods.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of baths, a new trio of luxuries has just been created by Innoxia. Called by the romantic name of "Paris Mist," this consists of a gentle-cleansing beauty soap, a soft silky talcum powder, and a skin perfume which is beautifully refreshing. All made to match up, these are packed in a colour scheme of misty blue, decorated with silver stars. The price of these attractive triplets is extremely modest. Soap 1s. 11d., talcum powder, 4s. 6d., skin perfume, 7s. 6d.

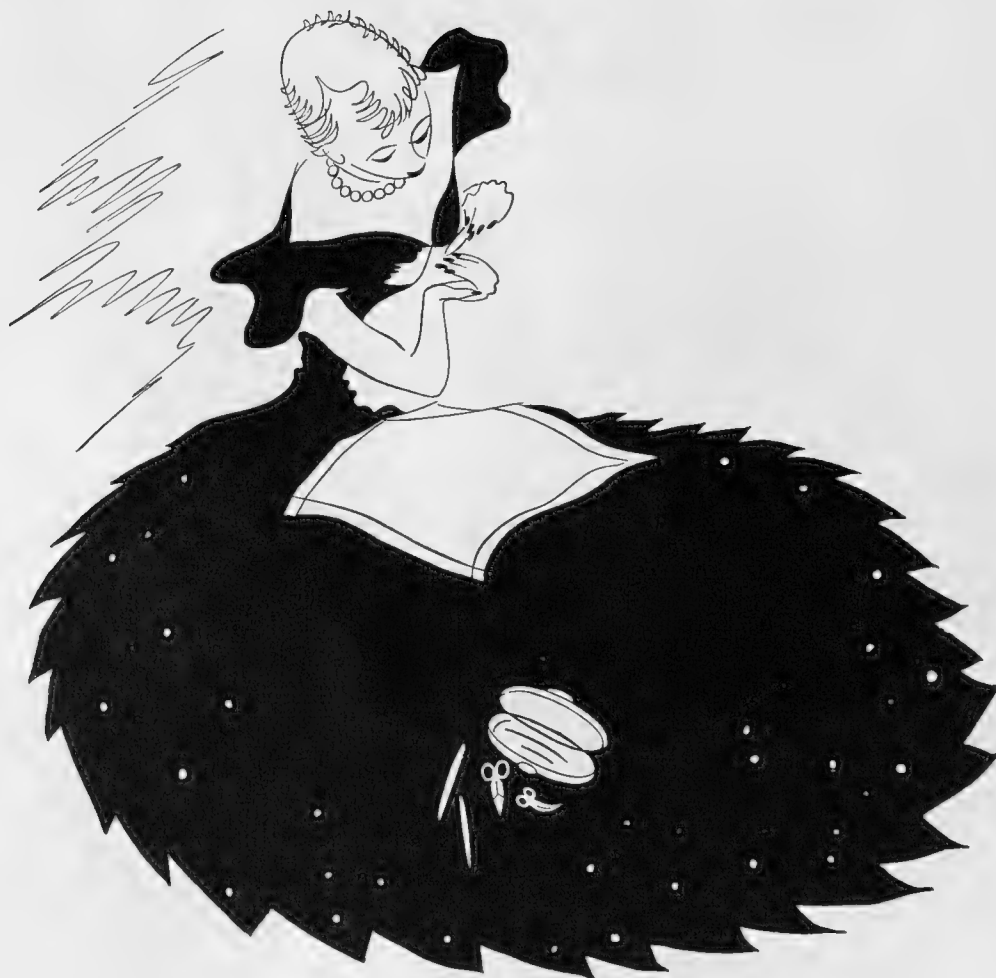
★ ★ ★

FROM Atkinson of Bond Street, I have news of an excellent service which will, I think, be very welcome. Any organization, youth club, Polytechnic, women's guild, etc., may select twelve members, who, on application, can go to Atkinson's where, free of charge, they will be entertained for two hours, with lectures on beauty by expert consultants.

During this time, they can try out make-up for themselves, experiment with foundation creams, lipsticks and rouges, and get advice on personal problems. Many people who are diffident of visiting beauty salons on their own, will enjoy doing it in company with their friends. Those who have already been, tell me it is not only instructive, but great fun. They come away with the feeling "Now I *really* know what I'm doing."

★ ★ ★

A VALUABLE time-saver is the new "Polysmog" Polishing Cloth. Impregnated with a special wax solution, this puts on the polish, and takes it off, leaving a lovely shine on the furniture, and if that isn't a bright idea for 2s. 11d., I don't know what is. You can get it from Marshall & Snelgrove.



Jean Cleland, seeking for aids to beauty that are new, has—

Some Exciting Tidings

KEEPING abreast of the beauty tide in these days is a pretty arduous job. Fresh products crop up in a way that reminds me of the sweet peas in my cottage garden. No sooner has one picked them off, than on they come again in a fresh riot of bloom

THROUGH the post, and by word of mouth, I am forever being asked, "What have you seen lately that is NEW?" To satisfy these requests, and for the convenience of those who live in the country, or, for one reason or another, cannot spare the time to go round the salons and stores to look for themselves, I propose from time to time, to talk about the new ideas and latest products, so that anyone who is interested—and it seems there are many—can be kept up-to-date.

First an entirely new range of Beauty Preparations brought out by Richard Hudnut, outstanding among which is a "Crème Superbe" containing vitamins A, D, and E, a combination which should help to make up—as regards the skin—for lack of sunshine. This cream also has vegetable oils, and,

extremely nutritive, should prove specially beneficial to a skin that is feeling impoverished and out of condition.

I am always particularly interested in any product for correcting dandruff, as this is something that, in an indirect way, concerns the young. Many girls in their teens and early twenties are troubled with little spots and pimples, and while these may be due to various causes, they can—and often do—arise as a result of dandruff in the hair, a fact that is unknown to them, and a number of parents. When the dandruff is eradicated, the spots automatically clear up.

THE latest preparation designed for tackling this problem is the Sebbix Shampoo. Designed to counteract harmful bacteria and to stimulate the skin to its normal activity, Sebbix contains two special ingredients. One helps the scalp to get rid of the dead skin

tissue that forms dandruff, while the other is absorbed by the scalp, and remains on the hair to give lasting protection after the shampoo has been rinsed away.

BEFORE we leave the subject of Youth—which, if you read my articles, you will have observed is close to my heart—I must not forget to tell you of Helena Rubinstein's "Pink Quartet" for young beauty. For the very first time, Mme. Rubinstein has packed four of her famous skin care preparations—choosing those most suitable for young skins—in new "Young" sizes. These are attractively presented in "Pretty Pink" containers, to look dainty on the dressing-table, at special prices—from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.—to suit the youthful purse.

If you dislike the sticky feeling of a heavy cream, you will no doubt be delighted with Revlon's new "Waking Beauty" night cream which, while it is of a light non-sticky consistency, is ultra-enriched with three special vitamins, and a refined lanoline derivative for lubrication. It is very soft—a little more liquid than ordinary face cream—and is massaged into the skin very easily.

Another up-to-the-minute preparation by Revlon is a new talcum powder to match up with their famous Aquamarine fragrance. This contains "Lanolate," an ingredient that has a neutralizing effect on body odours. It comes in a blue aquamarine container, and if you want to be luxurious in your bathroom, and "follow through" with the whole thing, you can get a lovely blue Osman Aquamarine towel set, specially designed to go with it.

GUERLAIN comes to the aid of those people who are troubled with tiny red veins, with a new "Circulation Cream." Massaged well in, and left on from twenty to thirty minutes, this stimulates the circulation and encourages the flow of blood to the surface of the skin. It should be followed by an application of Guerlain's "Soothing Lotion" in compress form, on pads of cotton wool, and allowed to stay on for ten minutes.

In the field of beauty culture, modern science is making new discoveries with a speed that is bewildering unless one is in constant touch with their activities. It is my hope that, by sifting them out, you can rely on getting a general idea of the latest trends in these columns.



Here is Richard Hudnut's new Beauty Series. The latest thing in scientific research to flatter feminine looks.



Ford sets the fashion

"Confidentially, I walk
better in lovely clothes: and I drive
better in my new Zephyr."

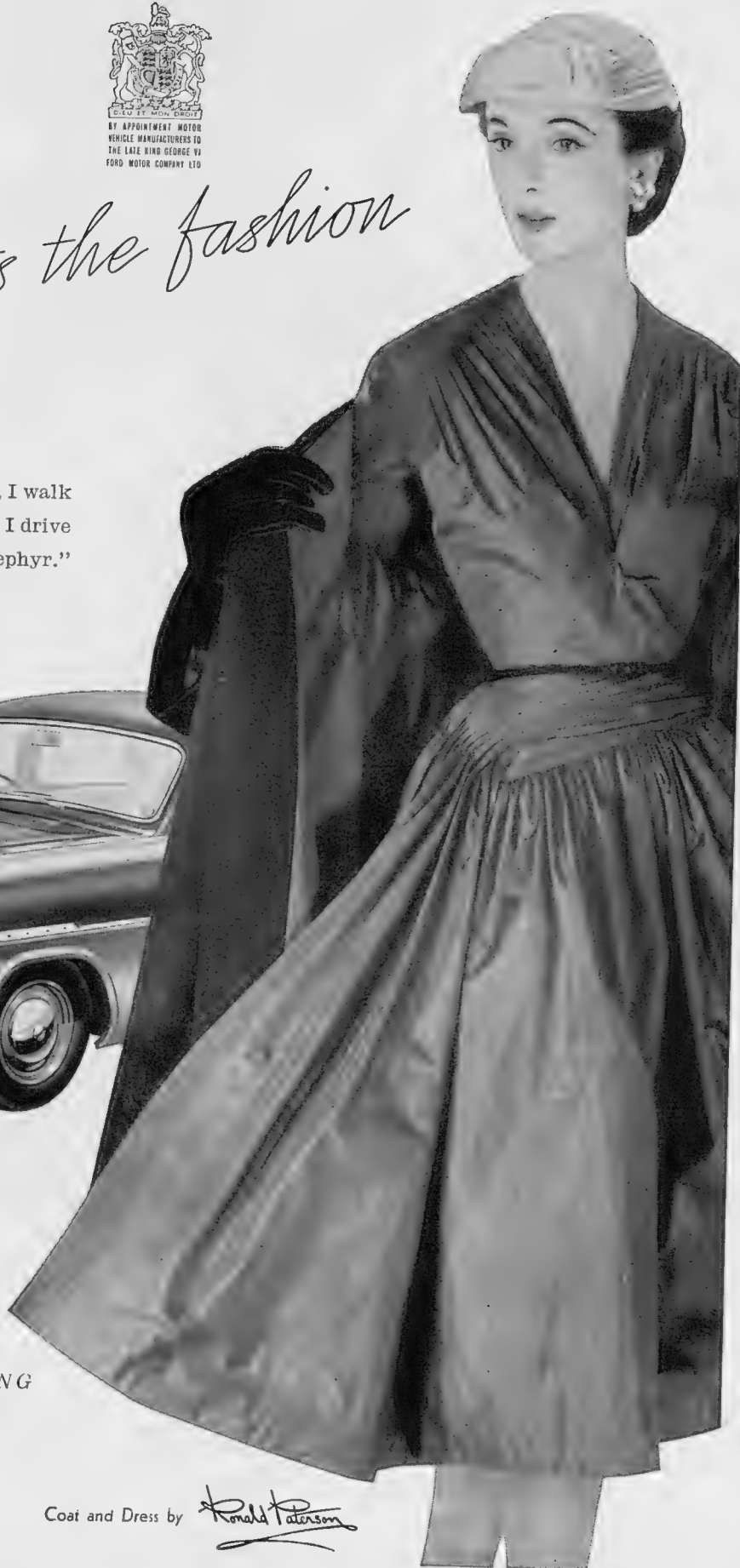


Zephyr

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Coat and Dress by

Ronald Paterson





THE SWALLOW DORETTI 2-litre sports car seen at Silverstone recently when it was presented to the Press. The car has a tubular chassis and it is built by Swallow Coachbuilding (1935) of which Mr. E. Sanders, C.B.E., is managing director. This model is priced at £1,101 17s. 6d., including purchase tax

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

Racing Forecast Is Bright

A SENSATION similar to that which the men in the old Shell advertisements must have experienced invades me as I contemplate the motoring scene. For it is as desirable to look forward to the Grand Prix of Europe*, which will take place soon after I write these notes, as it is to look back to Silverstone, the Alpine, the used car warranty schemes and a thousand other things. Let me make an attempt at looking both ways.

First of all, if we look forward to forthcoming Grand Prix events, we must be careful not to rely too much on the British Grand Prix as a guide. Mercedes were well aware that the streamline cars were not suited to Silverstone. In fact, before the race their chief engineer told me so and expressed regret that their "open air" Grand Prix car had not been ready in time. But they sportingly honoured their entry with the Reims cars, with the result that the Ferraris once again succeeded.

BUT all the technical evidence was that Mercedes have again made a large step forward in the design and lay-out of racing motor-cars, and that they will soon be as formidable as they were just before the war. That is a real challenge which I hope Britain will accept. The new B.R.M. might prove capable next year of coping with the Mercs, for it is a completely redesigned car. And the Vanwall showed at Silverstone that it is not far short of top flight performance. We seem to be near the leaders, and I trust that by next

year, if not before this season closes, we shall be beginning to do something effective.

Italy, it is greatly to be hoped, will continue to keep up the pressure, for the new Lancias should be running soon; the Maseratis will be fully developed (which they were not at Silverstone), and Alfa Romeo may return to the battle. And then there is that thrilling recurrent rumour that the great name of Bugatti will again be seen in the entry lists. It seemed as if Silverstone marked the all-time high of Grand Prix entries, with the world's finest drivers and best cars assembled. But from these reports it may yet be that 1955 will give us even finer racing than this year.

And this year, in spite of the most ghastly weather, Silverstone again proved a great success. The *Daily Express* performed its part nobly, producing—if report is right—fantastic sums in the form of starting money to ensure that the race would be truly representative of the world's best.

ON the Monday following the racing there was the presentation of the Mercedes 300 SL sports car. It is, I believe, the first production car in the world offered to the public with direct fuel injection. The injection is by a Bosch pump similar to those used in diesel engines. A top speed of over 160 miles an hour is claimed for this car.

Now we must look back to the Alpine. Stirling Moss's Gold Cup, won in the Sunbeam Alpine with John Cutts as navigator, was a just reward for a great driver. And the team prize won by the Triumph T.R.2's, was likewise good news to everyone in Britain. The Gold Cup (which was won by Ian Appleyard in 1953 with his Jaguar) is the highest award of the event. It is given to competitors who for three consecutive years complete the course without penalty.

It is largely because British sports cars are

so successful in competition work that I hope we shall also see British Grand Prix cars successful in the future. It would complete the picture in a satisfactory manner.

IT is some years since it became a motoring misdemeanour to refer to "secondhand" cars. Dealers politely corrected one. There were no such things as secondhand cars; but there were such things as "used" cars. The idea was that there was something a little derogatory about the term "second-hand"; and the idea was right. For all motoring benefits by the maintenance of high standards in used cars.

That is why I welcome the used car warranty schemes which have recently been introduced. The Vauxhall plan, for instance, required that the vehicle be examined and reconditioned, if necessary, before it can receive what they call the "quality tested" sign. If it has this sign it carries a warranty for at least three months.

WHAT a strange commentary on the attitude of governments that the British industry's increased output of cars should be officially praised while at the same time everything possible is done to choke off car sales. It looks as if Ministers do not appreciate that to urge more car production and to restrict parking and to make the use of cars more difficult, more costly and more unpleasant at the same time, is to engage in opposed activities.

If it is the Minister's intention to go on reducing parking facilities in London and other cities, and to allow building to continue without provision for adequate garage or parking space, he should beg the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to appeal to its members to restrict output, sack workers, and generally damp down its activities.

One cannot have it both ways. To plead for more output while making the disposal of the things produced more difficult, is absurd. And it is exactly what the Government is now doing in motoring. I am astonished at the placidity with which the growing restrictions on motoring are received by the trade and, above all, by the two great organizations that ought to be fighting such restrictions tooth and nail.

Not long ago I related the story of a hotel bearing the signs of the A.A. and of the R.A.C.; a story which showed that those signs meant little as indications of what the hotel had to offer. Now I am beginning to wonder whether these two organizations do not deserve some of the criticism that is directed at them for other things as well. It does appear that the motorist's point of view is heard too faintly when Ministers are rushing round seeking whom they may restrict.



* Won by Juan Fangio in a Mercedes at 82.76 m.p.h.—Editor

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THE
Eagle

by

GOODYEAR

THE ULTIMATE IN CAR TYRE QUALITY

Book Reviews [Continued from page 246]

WHEN THE LID COMES OFF

SHOULD one know what goes on in one's own house? After reading John Sedges's *VOICES IN THE HOUSE* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) one may feel so, perhaps not. The scene is a graceful home in one of those valleys in Vermont, one of the most English states of New England, and the circumstances are, more or less, those of this country. William and Elinor Asher, married for twenty-five years, have lived in a peace which seemed too good to be true—faithful family servants, three charming children (who are, when the story opens, lately grown-up.) Mr. and Mrs. Asher are conscious of their blessings but not smug; all-in-all a delightful pair, whose sufficient income and good breeding has preserved them, so far, from the uglier aspects of life.

William, a lawyer in New York, has it is true seen something of the criminal world; but by contrast his Vermont home seems the more idyllic. Or does so till trouble starts with the servants; nor is this trouble of any ordinary kind.

ONE Jessica, child of the cook's old age and originally a lovely sprite, plaything and pet of the Asher household, turns out to be a demon in human form; and Jessica's unwilling marriage to the chauffeur, Herbert, lets loose forces which seem unholy. Partly, Jessica's fantasy woven lies begin to disturb the relationship between the Ashers and their own children; and their daughter, Susan, chooses this unpropitious

time to bring home an unpleasing lot of a suitor, Pete, accompanied by a still more unpleasing dog. And so on.

A series of sinister small happenings build up into an overhanging threat—*Voices In The House* is a picture of what could happen to life if the lid came off. It may be felt that the Ashers are over-civilized, but is it less painful for them to feel barbarians at the door and, among those hordes, at least one of their own children? Forced to take a strong line, William does so—the tale ends happily, though after at least one horrible scene.

Mr. Sedges is a novelist of distinction—less subtly told, or in any way over-written, *Voices In The House* would have less effect.

★ ★ ★

A RIVER FULL OF STARS (Andre Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) is the distinguished autobiography of an Anglo-Irishwoman, Elizabeth Hamilton. This is the story of a life which, though never an easy one, has been lived in terms of what makes life most worth living—affections, the perceiving of beauties great or small, humour, interest in human nature and, above all, courage. Miss Hamilton's childhood in her County Wicklow home was followed, because of reverse in the family fortunes, by a wandering period with her father and mother. The failed expedition to Florida, seen through the perplexed eyes of a child, is the first of many changes and chances, and not less well described are the years at the London day-school.

Pre-eminently beautiful, however, are the pictures of Dublin as she knew it, together with the dignity of the circle in which the Hamiltons moved. *A River Full Of Stars* is to be recommended to all who care for what is fine—for Miss Hamilton has done the ideal thing: preserved in herself what was strong and best in what now seems a vanishing world, to help her face the harshnesses of the new.

PATRICK CAMPBELL'S OMNIBUS (Hulton Press, 12s. 6d.) is either a treasure-house or a nightmare; your reviewer finds it to be the former. All depends upon how you like your humour: Mr. Campbell's is at once rumbustious and macabre. He is not Saki; he is not Thurber—and why should he wish to be either?—he is himself.

These misadventures and goings-on in England, Ireland and sometimes Paris lose nothing in the telling. Nobody but Ronald Searle should illustrate this book; and Ronald Searle, you will be glad to hear, has illustrated it.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BIRMINGHAM Square Dance Band has already gained a deserved reputation, and this will not be lessened in any way by the recent release of three recordings. The band is led by Eric Blythe, who is also responsible for the musical arrangements, and I believe much of the credit for such effective and efficient recordings as these have turned out to be, is due to him.

One record is devoted to Cumberland Square, Spanish Waltz and La Russe, the other two to a well-balanced selection of American square dance tunes, a couple of reels and a couple of hornpipes. These records have the blessing of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, under whose auspices they were recorded, but for all that they are in every way up to the best possible commercial standard. I shall be very surprised if they do not have a wide appeal. (H.M.V. C.4254, B.10715-16.)

Robert Tredinnick

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INVISIBLE IMPORTS

"Anything to declare, sir?"

"No."

"There's nothing you bought at all?"

"No."

"No presents?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing. Unless..."

"Yes, sir — Unless?"

"Unless you include a head like a rag football dredged from a canal and a taste in my mouth like smoke in a railway tunnel. Our Paris representative entertained me rather lavishly last night."

"There is no duty, sir, on hang-overs obtained abroad."

"I wish there was. I'd refuse to pay and then you'd have to confiscate it."

"I'm sorry we can't help you, sir. But might I suggest in future the advantages of a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice to wind up late nights? Rose's possesses therapeutic properties which neutralise the — er — morning after."

"This Rose's really kills off hang-overs? Have they any in the Station buffet?"

"Plenty, sir — Hi, sir, come back — you've forgotten your bag."

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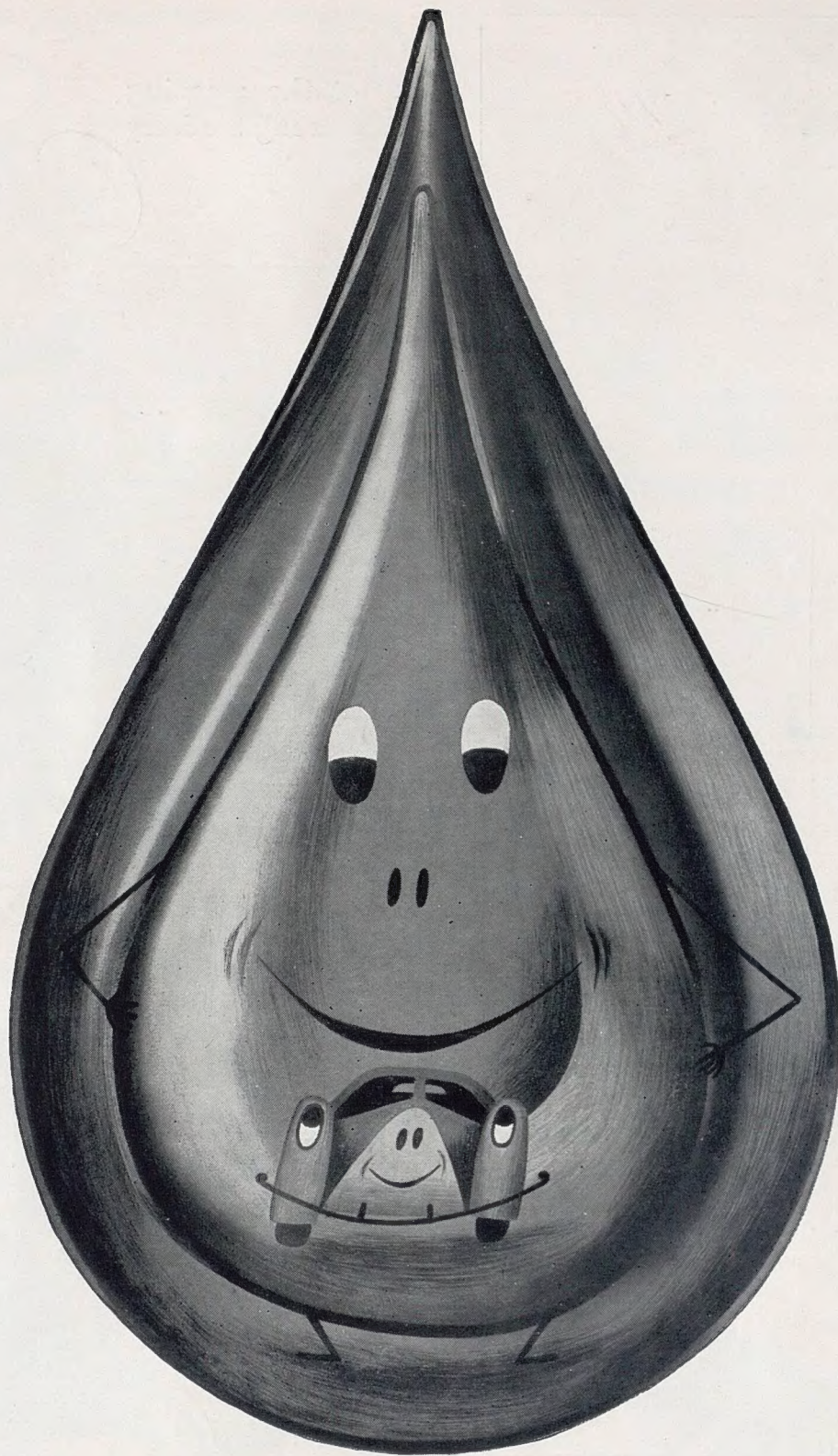
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